

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by W. & D. DOWNEY,

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

London.

EATON HALL.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

FROM THE LAKE.

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THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S SHOOTING BOX.

LILLESALL is the Duke of Sutherland's Shropshire shooting box, and it was on this estate that, on the occasion of his recent visit to Trentham, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the party staying with the Duke, had a big day's shooting, considerably over 1000 head of game being bagged. Our first illustration presents a view of Lilleshall House from the terrace gardens. The Duke of Sutherland has only recently, at great cost, constructed a magnificent drive two miles in length to the House from the main turnpike road. The drive was used for the first time on the occasion of the Prince's visit. The second of our illustrations is a view of the old ruined Abbey of Lilleshall, from which the Abbey Woods (in which the best sport of the day took place) take their name.



LILLESALL.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

IN last week's article, under the above heading, I had the satisfaction of writing favourably about several of this season's debutants over hurdles, and I wish that I could truthfully do the same about the cross country novices. The fact, however, is that there are very few who show any promise whatever, though perhaps it is a bit early in the season to judge, and it may be that some of the crack hurdlers will be promoted to chasing before the end of the month.

A nice young horse and one likely to make more improvement than most is the five year old Ruric, by Gallinule—Miss Bella. Among other performances, last year he won the Altcar Four Year Old Steeplechase, and the Abbeystead Four Year Old Steeplechase, at Liverpool, and also the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase at Hurst Park. This is certainly a very promising young chaser. Another of the same age who is a useful colt over hurdles and fences is Kale, by Kilwarlin—Miss Augusta, whilst Lill II., by Queen's Counsel—Damsel, caused a surprise at Kempton Park, last month, by giving a four lengths' beating, at only 5lb. advantage in the weights to Melton Constable, who on the previous day had run away from Ballyalbany, Florendean and Bettermost for the Park Maiden Steeplechase. She had previously won the London Steeplechase at Gatwick, and is probably a better mare than most people suppose.

We now come to the five year old brown gelding Stratocracy, by Ben Battle—Little May, not only, in my opinion, the best cross-country performer of his age, but also, as I have every reason to believe, the best young chaser we have seen for a long time. He has lately been purchased by Lord Cadogan, and his first appearance in this country was in the Sefton Steeplechase at Liverpool, when with 10st. 7lb. on his four year old back, and only half fit, he was third best to the six year old Rory O' More (11st.) and the five year old Alpheus (11st. 6lb.). This was really first class form, and I expect great things of the youngster in the future.

Among the six year olds I have the most liking for Gauntlet, the handsome chestnut son of Gallinule and Lady Louise, who is the property of Mr. F. D. Leyland, and together with Westmeath and Scampanio is trained at Banstead by Hardie, under the watchful eye of Captain "Wenty" Hope Johnstone. This Irish bred colt shewed that he could gallop on the flat when he beat Lesterlin at the Curragh two years ago, since which he has proved himself a chaser of no ordinary merit. The two old stagers, Craig and Seaport II., have shewn themselves no duffers from time to time, and yet this five year old, as he was then, beat them both in a canter at Lingfield, last month, giving 17lb. to the first, and 13lb. to the second. He had previously given us a taste of his quality at Sandown Park, where, ridden by Captain Hope Johnstone, he cantered home for the Pond Handicap Steeplechase, giving any amount of weight and age to Ballymoney, Romeo, Lill II., and Auric.

This colt goes a great pace, stays well, is a beautiful jumper, and keeps on improving, so that I shall be surprised if he does not some day win a Grand National. What cheering there will be in all the Service Clubs if "Wenty," not so long ago a gay young Hussar, and the finest soldier horseman of his day, were to win a Liverpool!

Not of the same class as Gauntlet, but quite a nice young horse, is Bevil, by Sir Bevy's—Sister Louise, who had 12st. 6lb. on his five year old back when he tried to give 5lb. to the aged Ebor at Nottingham. No wonder that he failed. He had just previously given Florendean 8lb., and a three lengths beating, at Gatwick, previous to which he had hunted home Clawson and Norton, at Newmarket, giving 4lb. to the former and 8lb. to the latter.

There never has been any horse who made his reputation quicker or with more justice than that brilliant last year's five year old Alpheus, by Esterling—Arethusa. He disgraced himself, however, in the Grand National by running away lengths in front of his field the first time round, and then bolting out of the course, but it was probably not altogether his fault, and I have not lost all hope of seeing him some day redeem his character. He is certainly one of the most brilliant fencers ever seen, nor does he tire jumping, and I shall be very greatly disappointed if he does not atone for his last year's defeat at Liverpool, when he has learnt patience, and not to make so much use of himself.

Scampanio is another of Mr. Leyland's string which has done so well since Capt. Hope Johnstone has been in charge of them, and a nice horse he is, too. He is a dark brown son of Thurio and Carillon, shows all his sire's quality, and is a rare stayer. I used to think him the gamest of the game, until he turned it up one day at Lingfield, but he ran very honestly enough on the same course last week, when he gave 9lb. and a twenty lengths' beating to The Cowan, and I have not lost faith in him yet. I suppose I must include Ford of Fyne by Studley, dam by Memory, in this lot, as he showed a liking for the

Aintree country—always a good sign in a chaser—when he won the Valentine Steeplechase there in November last.

Among the older horses commend me first of all to Rory O' More, by Town Moor—Iolanthe, a really good horse over his own distance, which was about three miles last year, but may be more now. This I say because, although he was a desperately hard puller then, he takes things quietly enough now, and will therefore probably stay better than he did. He is a faultless jumper, has a nice turn of speed, and remembering how well he ran for quite three miles at Liverpool last year, I shall expect him to do better still this year.

A mare that has been running well, in good company, all this season, is Ballyohara, by Ben Battle—Sister to Telephone, and although she never quite gets home, she is always on the premises at the finish. She was third to Westmeath and Seaport II., for the Metropolitan Steeplechase at Gatwick, getting 4lb. from the former, and 8lb. from the latter, and second to The Soarer, with 13lb. the best of the weights at Sandown Park.

LILL SHALL.



THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY.

The latter, who is by Skylark, dam by Lurgan won the Liverpool, last year, with 9st. 13lb. in the saddle, and, although he only beat the currish Father O'Flynn by a length and a half, he may nevertheless be a better horse than we know. It never does to despise a horse who can win races over such different countries as those at Liverpool and Sandown Park.

I remember Swanshot, by Buckshot—Valerie (Ardcarn's dam) when he was one of Mr. Linde's all-conquering string at Eyrefield Lodge, and I always thought him a very useful stamp of horse. He had a heavy weight (10st. 13lb.) to carry in last year's National, and I think he fell over something too, whilst he was also trying to give 8lb. to Rory O' More in the Sefton Steeplechase, but he is a clever fencer, a real stayer, and I think a good horse.

A very improved steeplechaser is Westmeath, by Ascetic—Deodar, who always runs well, except at Windsor, where he has twice gone down before the Irish-bred Cloonflynn. He has this season won the Hampton Steeplechase at Kempton Park, the Metropolitan Steeplechase at Gatwick, and the Ewell Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown Park, and I am not sure that he has done improving yet.

UBIQUE.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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NOTES ON SPORT.

BY FIELD, PATH AND RIVER.

ALMOST immediately after last week's note commenting on the absence of frost and snow from the winter of 1896-1897 appeared in print, the country was visited by a sharp—and in the South a short—spell of frost. It is always particularly distressing to lovers of horses to see the cruel plight in which a sudden change in the weather like that which was experienced last Saturday night places the more hard-worked members of the

equine race. The wooden and asphalt pavements of the roadways have their advantages—and it must be admitted great advantages—over the cobble stones that formerly used to make travel over London by omnibus or cab little short of torture, but they have their terrible drawbacks when they get greasy, or, worse than all, when their smooth surface becomes an equine ice-rink.

The old iron horse-shoe then becomes a skate, and as the horse, though a noble animal, is not proficient in the art of skating, or nimble enough, or of the build, to acquire the almost as difficult art of sliding, he is at a dire disadvantage when set to draw heavy loads over the glassy surface of the streets. Last Sunday morning, though of course the traffic is not what it would be on a week-day, the scenes in the streets were heart-rending. There was no sand or gravel down in the early hours of the day, and some vestries left their streets altogether untouched all day long. Others, notably St. Martin's, got to work before mid-day, and put their roads in fair order. But with the sharp frost at night, Monday morning, with the full street traffic, saw even worse scenes than had occurred on Sunday.

Omnibus and van horses came down by scores—and there were numerous cases of the poor willing slaves breaking limbs and ending their useful careers, all for the want of a little care and forethought of their masters. Horses might be made practically proof against such accidents in frost time. There are easily adjustable rubber pads for horses' feet, which can be obtained at quite moderate cost, the use of which entirely obviates these distressing accidents, and saves the terrible strain on, and useless waste of, horseflesh which occur on these occasions of sudden frost with such unfeeling regularity.

It is more than probable that the coming racing season will see the introduction of the much talked of starting-machine on one of the most popular Irish racecourses. At any rate, if the difficulties which the rules of the Irish Turf Club at present put in the way of its adoption as a regular institution still exist throughout 1897, an opportunity will be afforded of practically testing the merits of the invention. Captain Quin, the directing hand of Leopardstown, intends this season to erect a starting machine at Foxrock, and a special application will probably be made to the Stewards of the Irish Turf Club to permit the use of the starting machine, and a start from a standstill, to be included in the conditions of certain races at Leopardstown, in order to give the system a fair trial.

It does not seem to be generally understood that the starting machine does not replace the starter, but is only an assistant adjunct to that all-important official. Of course the primary difficulty in the way of any such introduction in England is the Rule of Racing as to a start. A starting machine is no good unless the horses are lined up to it, to get level, and they cannot be lined up to it unless they start from a standstill. At present they cannot do this, because such a start is against the Rules of Racing—which is the whole position in a nutshell. A starting machine may or may not be the great boon and blessing to men and horses that its admirers assert, or the absolute abomination that its detractors declare, but whether or not it ever comes into general use in the British Isles, its erection and trial at Leopardstown will furnish a great feature of interest when it takes place in the coming season.

Mr. John Porter's letter on the subject of Lord Suffolk's motion has by this time been so fully discussed that it would not be worth while to allude to it again, were it not for the fact that many people with no knowledge of their own on the subject have adopted Mr. Porter's views simply because they are his. Among these the gentleman who contributes the Sporting Notes to a society journal is evidently one. He terms the publication of Mr. John Porter's "vigorous protest" an important sporting event. Why he should think it so it is difficult to see, for certainly the vigour of any protest is exhausted in arguing about things which have never been proposed, or thought of, on the basis of things which have never existed. The writer in question does not seem to understand that it is not proposed to add in any way to the quality of the races which now exist, but merely to improve a certain class of race, and he is also apparently unconscious of the fact that long distance flat racing goes on now during the close season. Why he, or anyone else, should object to it being improved, is a puzzle to me to understand.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps, and other races, the result of the communications which Messrs. Weatherby received on Nomination Day, have now made their appearance in the last three issues of the *Racing Calendar*. In one sense they may be considered satisfactory, from the point of view that they show the strength of support that the Turf, as an institution, has to

rely on in the long list of influential names that are found subscribing to the various stakes that have closed. But in other respects, many of the races are distinctly disappointing, for though, as touched on below, several of the short races will provide good sport, many of the old established events have received indifferent patronage.

If the Lincolnshire Handicap has only obtained forty-two entries, it is plenty to make a good race, and any lack of quantity is fully made up for by their quality. Last year's winner, Clorane, is nominated again, and other Irish horses entered are Dinna Forget, Bird of Flight, Favoloo, Kosmos, Bellevin, St. Jarlath, Chit Chat, Conquering Hero, Green Lawn, Gazetteer, and Bridegroom, not to mention last year's Cambridgeshire winner, Winkfield's Pride. Another winner of that race is entered, too, in Marco, whilst Lord Rosebery's Quarrel is down to have another try to beat Clorane, and such as Gulistan, King Hampton, Roquebrune, La Sagesse, Lord Hervey, Diakka, and perhaps Teufel are all likely to run well. However, it is no use discussing the matter further until we know what view the handicapper has taken of their respective merits.

If it is not very difficult to foresee what that responsible, and of late much abused, official will make top weight, it is not so easy to calculate what weights he will give to two of those entered, namely Victor Wild, and Signorina. On his best form the son of Albert Victor would of course be at the top, but the disastrous attempt to make a Cup horse of him, is not likely to have done him any good, and I hope that it has not spoilt his temper. Signorina who won the Middle Park Plate as long ago as 1890 is a still more difficult problem, as she has been at the stud for some years, and has only just been put with training again. That she has retained her once marvellous speed it is impossible to believe, and it seems impossible that she could win with any weight, though there have been cases of mares winning races after they have done the very same thing, and there is one in the Keele Park Stud now that ran at Stockbridge, I think it was, in the same race with one of her own offspring.

The City and Suburban has got a capital entry of 62, five more than last year. The winner on that occasion, the speedy but savage Worcester, has retired from the Turf, but Amandier and Hebron, who followed him home, are down to try their luck again, together with Marco, Clorane, Winkfield's Pride, and La Sagesse. The Kempton Jubilee has gone up to 71, and as usual will be one of the best races of the season, and of the three ten thousand pounders, the Sandown Eclipse Stakes has alone obtained the patronage of Persimmon. Lord Rosebery's pair, Velasquez and Chelandy, are in all three, and Regret figures in both the Newmarket Jockey Club Stakes and Princess of Wales's Stakes. The hurdle racer, Atheliath, is in the latter too, and may take some beating if jumping has given him courage. Altogether the entries for most of the shorter events are very satisfactory, both as to quality and quantity, and they are sure to result in some very interesting sport.

I am sorry that we cannot say the same for the longer races, the entries for which are chiefly composed of cripples, non-stayers, and handicap horses. Clorane has the reputation of having lately convinced his friends that staying is his forte, but it must always be doubtful if he will stand training over long distances on hard ground. Pride, a proved good stayer, has also been under suspicion, whilst such as Winkfield's Pride, Dinna Forget, and Chit Chat have yet to show that they can gallop long distances successfully, while Count Schomberg and St. Bris are only handicappers. Persimmon is entered in the Ascot Cup, and will be bad to beat, as he also will be in the Goodwood Cup, if he is not shaken by the hard ground on the Royal Heath, but these two once famous events have only obtained 33 and 28 subscribers respectively. The time-honoured Chester Cup too has only obtained 48, and the once popular Great Metropolitan 49. In fact the long distance races may be said to have done very badly.

The two days racing at Windsor, last week, were not only interesting in themselves, but are also likely to throw some light on things to come. The Park Steeplechase of two miles was taken by the five year old Oak Park, by Atheling—Vera, who with 6 to 4 laid on him, made the whole of the running, and won in a canter by five lengths from Stroller. This Irish-bred colt was bought from Mr. James Daly, and I shall be surprised if he does not turn out useful. The eight runners for the Eton Handicap Hurdle Race included Fossicker, 5 yrs., 11st. 9lb.; Swaledale, aged, 12st. 7lb.; and Spinning Boy, 5 yrs., 11st. 2lb., of whom the first and second were favourites at 9 to 4, and 5 to 2 respectively. The first of these must have been well galloped at home to be backed as he was to beat Swaledale at 12lb., but the confidence of his friends was not

misplaced, and he did what he was asked to do, in a canter, by twelve lengths.

Mr. Hibbert's old thief Marcellus won a Selling Steeplechase from Ringabella, Carrickanerla, and five others, and was sold for 175 guineas, at least a hundred more than he is worth, except perhaps as a schoolmaster; and then the rapidly improving Cloonflyn beat Swanshot at 16lb., and Westmeath at 17lb., for the Datchet Steeplechase. The odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Westmeath, 2 to 1 against Swanshot, and 5 to 1 against Cloonflyn. If Westmeath does not like Windsor, Cloonflyn certainly does, as he made nearly all the running, and won in a canter by twelve lengths, thus repeating his victory over Westmeath and Grigou on the same course last month. As an instance of the uncertainty of horses form it is worth mentioning that Cloonflyn's owner tried to sell him after last season, and only put him into training again when he failed to do so, with the result that he has come on a lot, and must be very useful now, in his own class.

Five runners turned out for the Egham Steeplechase of three miles, of whom Wild Man from Borneo was made the favourite at 7 to 4 on, and was well backed by his party. He did not look well, however, and as I know he had done very little work I do not think he ever had much chance. At any rate, the old Waler, Norton, a very moderate horse in this country, after waiting on him for three quarters of the distance, fairly wore him down in the last half mile, and won in a canter. The "Wild Man" was only giving 6lb. to the winner, and should certainly have had no difficulty in beating him. The Castle Handicap Steeplechase of two miles saw the victory of another of Mr. Gollan's team. This was the useful Ebor, who, giving 1st. 6lb. to Prince Edward, galloped over him all the way, and won by twenty lengths. The son of Edward the Confessor showed all his old dash, but when the Waler drew to the front, half a mile from home, he soon had him beat. Deerstalker, getting 5lb. from the winner, was a bad third, and May Day, with 1st. 13lb. the best of it, last.

Melton Prior continued his winning career by taking the Englefield Handicap Hurdle Race from Bev Jones, Vic, and four others, who were not of much account it is true, but he could not do more than win, and he has certainly come on a lot of late; and then the Stoke Steeplechase, which brought out a field of ten, was won by Pennyhill, by Esterling—Balmoral. This was a really smart colt once, almost as good as Red Rube, I believe, at one time, but it is a long time since he has been seen in public, and he may not be as good now as he was. At the same time, if he is all right again, he is not unlikely to make up for last time. The principal features of the meeting were the victory of Ebor, who will play a leading part in this year's Grand National, if he can stay, and Cloonflyn's confirmation of his last month's running with Westmeath.

A very popular little meeting is Plumpton, and whether sport be good or bad, people always seem to enjoy themselves there. On Friday last, Bettermost was made favourite for the Ringmer Maiden Steeplechase, but found his match in the four year old Monaghan, by Count Schomberg's sire Aughrim—Lily. The winner, who was bred in Ireland, by Colonel Lloyd, drew out some distance from home, and won by 15 lengths. He is quite a good looking young chaser, and very likely to turn out useful in the future. Mr. Gillmore started favourite for the New Year's Steeplechase, but was beaten by Victor, who won in a canter by eight lengths from Le Bu, with the favourite third. The winner is by Hesper—Heather Bell, and was backed for last year's "Liverpool." He is a good looking horse, and was sent to Germany some time back, whence he was repurchased by the Messrs. Widger, and subsequently sold to his present owner, General Beresford. He did not beat much, certainly, but he was giving 1st. 3lb. to the second and third, and it is the fifth time this season that Le Bu has occupied the former unenviable position.

The unlucky I.O.U. ran second to Chichester Girl for the Plumpton January Hurdle Race, giving her 15lb, and on the second day Mr. Keeping, owner of that very useful mare, Biscuit, who ran so well in last year's "National," had a well deserved turn when Peter Melville, by Peter—Amy Melville, won the Barcombe Handicap Steeplechase. There will be some good chasing at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday next, where the Riverside Hurdle Race Plate looks a good thing for Knight of Rhodes and the Scurry Steeplechase for Gauntlet, whilst Baccarat ought to be able to account for the New Year's Handicap Hurdle Race. At Gatwick next week Gauntlet might win the Holmwood Steeplechase if he can give 9lb. to Lord William, which I doubt if the latter is as good as he was, and the January Steeplechase is sure to produce a good race, in which The Soarer ought to take his own part.

From time to time glowing accounts appear setting forth the rosy side of a jockey's life, commenting on the fact that if he rises to the top of his profession he is able for a few years to earn an income equivalent to that which the Prime Minister of England receives for his services to the State. Nevertheless, that he follows an exceptionally dangerous occupation, and especially so where weight condemns him to devote his attention to races under National Hunt Rules, is continually being brought into notice by some such regrettable incident as the recent death of George Mawson, the well known steeplechase rider, at the early age of thirty-one.

In the course of last year Mawson, who was a bold and dashing steeplechase rider, received several very nasty falls, one of which was when his mount Miss Ellard came down in the Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase, at Lingfield, in March. Though apparently not more than very badly shaken by this purler, there is little doubt that it is to this, and other falls such as that with Ardcan at Sandown Park last spring, that the serious internal injuries to which he eventually succumbed were directly due. Mawson was a Londoner by birth, and was born on July 27, 1865. He was an apprentice to Tom Cannon at Stockbridge, at the same time that John Watts was also learning his profession. Mawson put on weight so rapidly that he had to abandon all idea of flat-race riding, and entered instead on the career of a jockey under National Hunt Rules.

The first winner he rode was at Sandown Park in 1886, when, riding the unnamed Priestcraft gelding in the Criterion Hunters' Steeplechase he won by a neck from Johnny Longtail, with Ballot Box third half a length away. In this race he rode with a degree of coolness that was remarkable in a novice, bringing his mount with one run at the finish, and winning on the post. In the following year he was pretty frequently to the fore, winning, amongst other successes, on Mr. L. de Rothschild's Aladdin two days in succession at Leicester, and on Donatello at Sandown Park.

In 1888 he won the Grand National at the first time of asking on Playfair, an aged black gelding, by Ripponden out a half-bred mare. Playfair was owned by Mr. E. W. Baird, and in this race, for which he started at the long odds of 40 to 1, he had only 108. 7lb. to carry, and beat a large field of nineteen others, including the hardy annual old Frigate, and another staunch old veteran in Ballot Box, who were second and third, while Ringlet finished fourth at the head of the remainder. In the same year Mawson also won the Grand Course de Haies at Auteuil for Mr. L. de Rothschild on Aladdin. In 1889 he won the United Kingdom Steeplechase, at Croydon, on Old Joe. In 1890 he got fourth to Ilex in the big Liverpool Steeplechase, his mount being the 100 to 1 outsider, Brunswick, while old Pan, ridden by Halsey and starting at the same extensive odds, actually finished second. Other winners about that time were Scope, on whom he won the Warwick Hurdle Handicap for Baron de Tuyl, Trundle Hill, and Dornoch, the latter a winner of many good races over hurdles, including the last Grand National Hurdle Race held at Croydon.

Although Mawson rode in the Great National pretty regularly, he was never able to repeat his Playfair feat, and when, in 1895, he appeared to have an excellent chance of doing so on Horizon, the horse fell. This was the animal on whom, in 1893, he had effected a sensational victory over Cloister, at Sandown Park. Cloister, in consequence of his recent Grand National victory, started at 6 to 1 on, but was beaten by fifteen lengths. Mawson's other numerous victories from that time until his retirement from the saddle would take too much space to chronicle in detail, but amongst the latest winners he rode may be mentioned Dornoch, Veil, and Deerstalker.

The result of the England and Wales match—the first International Match of the season, under Rugby Union Rules proves conclusively the dangers of prejudice. For years the Welsh Union sought for their forwards among a certain select circle of clubs in the Principality. Weight and strength of the individual men were not sufficiently taken into account, pace and cleverness in heeling the ball out of a scrummage being the sole consideration. The result was that season after season the Welsh pack was pushed all over the field, and matches were lost with depressing regularity.

This time, however, an alteration of tactics was decided upon. The committee went to the mountain clubs mostly, and got together a forward line of muscular young giants. Their strength and weight had a vast deal to do with the success of the Principality, which was in no way due to fluke or accident of any kind. What the effect will be upon the English Rugby Union remains to be seen. They have to select the fifteen to meet Ireland on February 6th, at a meeting which will be held on the 25th inst., and probably several of the men who played at

Newport will not be chosen to make the journey to Dublin. One thing was evident from last Saturday's great game. The recent circular of the Rugby Union to referees will vastly improve the play, especially from the point of view of the spectator. Whilst not at all lessening the usefulness of the forwards the recommendation about "knocking on" will practically do away with those interminable scrummages on the line which rarely resulted in anything tangible.

Not long since, Mr. Arthur Budd, and a few others, deplored the extinction, as they said, of the old-fashioned heavy forward, and averred that the modern system of playing four three-quarters, and encouraging passing, had spoilt the Rugby game. There will be found few to subscribe to these ideas, especially after what happened at Newport. The fact that scarcely a prominent club in the British Isles now plays three three-quarter backs, should sufficiently refute the first part of the allegation. The truth of the matter is, that in the past, forwards and three-quarters have not worked sufficiently together.

There are some persons who will hear no ill of the paid player and his practices, but these must, beyond question, be men who having ears will not hear, and possessing eyes will not see. With the institution of the football League came the professional's opportunity. He could demand a good salary, and become—if really first-class—a very important individual indeed. To give him his due, he usually plays for all he is worth in League and International games and Cup Ties, but when an ordinary match is on the tapis he simply does not try. The reason given is that, as nothing depends on the game, it is not worth while risking injury by fully exerting himself.

Now the public are not slow to grasp situations of this kind. Two clubs recently met in a League match at Bolton, when the gate-money amounted to £400. Three weeks later the same elevens again played, also at Bolton, but in an ordinary home and home match. On this there was a loss to the promoting body of about £12. This means that the public knew from past experience that many of the men would not trouble to show their true form in an ordinary match, and consequently declined to pay to witness a farce. And yet there are people who deny that professionalism is harmful to true sport!

Mr. N. L. Jackson, who by the way, has not yet resigned his vice presidency of the Football Association, has started a crusade against incompetent referees. Whenever gentlemen appointed to officiate by any of the recognised associations are grossly at fault some good might be done by reporting their shortcomings to their association, that is if the men composing that body would act courageously and not appoint the offender again. Mr. Jackson also raises the question of charging and protests against players being penalised for making perfectly fair charges.

No doubt there is a good deal in this. It is decidedly annoying for a player to be pulled up when he has not committed any breach of the laws; it is also unfair to his side and likewise spoils the game to a certain extent. On the other hand some men charge so heavily that unless the referee exercise some little discretion accidents would be of much more frequent occurrence and cases of lost temper far more numerous. Some one has placed it on record that there is "a deal of human nature in man." After being violently charged over and shaken there is frequently a desire to retaliate, which it is just as well, for the fair fame of the sport, that officials should at once suppress. At the same time the referee who is for ever blowing his whistle is an annoyance to players and spectators alike.

Some of the offences for which players are at present penalised call for comment. Wilfully holding or handling an opponent must, of course, not be allowed to creep into Association Football. At the same time, it certainly does not seem altogether desirable that for accidentally touching an opponent with his hands a man should be penalised. The rule relating to "hands" i.e., touching the ball with the hand, also wants modifying. More often than not the act is quite unavoidable on the part of the offender, and when it confers no advantage should clearly be allowed to pass unnoticed. The Rugby Union have recently decreed that the game shall be played in a spirit of equity. The Football Association might very well go and do likewise.

Londoners will be without a really exciting contest of a truly sporting character until the middle of February, when the Oxford and Cambridge association teams meet at the Queen's Club. It is rather early yet to hazard an opinion as to the result of the encounter, but it may be interesting to the fact that Mr. C. J. Burnup, the Cambridge captain, is of opinion that the Cantabs are not such a good lot this year as was the case twelve months since.

HIPPIAS.

A MEMBER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.



Photo. by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

LORD NEWTON

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WILLIAM JOHN LEGH, first Baron Newton of Newton-in-Makerfield, Lancashire, is the son of the late William Legh, and nephew of Thomas Legh, of Lyme Park, Stockport. He was born on the 19th December, 1828, succeeding to the latter gentleman's estates in 1857. As an owner of racehorses Lord Newton has not been very successful, none of the five classic events having fallen to his share. The first year in which his colours were registered was 1867, when opposite to Mr. W. J. Legh's name in the *Calendar* appeared "blue, straw facings, blue and straw quartered cap," which colours were altered in 1878 to the present "blue, straw facings, straw cap."

The first animal of any celebrity owned by Mr. Legh (as he then was) was Sir Joseph, a son of Pero Gomez—Prosperity, who was trained at Bourton-on-the-Hill by the late Edwin Weever; in fact, all Mr. Legh's horses were trained there from the beginning till Weever's death a year or so back, and then by Calder, until the retirement of the latter from the old quarters, when Lord Newton's horses were sent to Peace at Lambourne. Sir Joseph won five of the six races he started for in 1877, and was generally regarded as one of the best two year olds of his year.

For the Derby of 1878 Sir Joseph was a popular fancy, and started third favourite in a field of twenty-two, but was unable

to obtain a place behind Sefton, the game little black Insulaire and Lord Falmouth's Childeric occupying the second and third positions.

At Newton—always a favourite meeting with Mr. Legh—he won the Lyme Park Stakes in that year with Conquistador, and Prince Bladud, Julius Celsus, and one or two others also won races for him about this period. Later he owned Sir Charles, own brother to Sir Joseph, and an equally good two year old, but after winning three events as a juvenile Sir Charles lost his form, and never did any good in his subsequent career.

Cormeille, by Macgregor, out of Narcisse, won the Lancaster Nursery at Manchester in 1883, when with the top weight of 8st. 12lb., ridden by Fred Archer, he sailed home a couple of lengths in front.

In the following year Cormeille won several races at Ascot, Goodwood, and elsewhere. John Jones, a son of John Davis and Arista, was another winner for the blue and straw, in 1883, his principal successes being in the Dee Stakes, for which, with C. Loates in the saddle, he beat Mr. Caledon Alexander's Wild Arab and Sir—then Mr.—Robert Jardine's Springbok, Export, and one or two others. John Jones also won the Liverpool Summer Cup in 1884. Another good animal that Lord Newton owned was Radius, but perhaps the most widely known winner

for the blue and straw, was Veracity, by Wisdom out of Vanish. As a two year old this horse in 1886 won eight out of the ten races in which he ran, but in 1887 he must have gone entirely wrong, not succeeding in a single attempt, although he went to the post on ten occasions. As a four year old Veracity astonished the racing world by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap. Carrying 6st. 10lb., and ridden by Seth Chandley, he beat no fewer than twenty-four others for this event, having behind him Tyrone, Lobster, Oberon, Kinsky, Martley, Gloriation, Thunderstorm, Isobar, and a whole lot of good handicap horses. After winning once more he did not reappear on the racecourse until the Cambridgeshire, which he won by a head from Cactus, with Bismarck third—starting on this occasion at 20 to 1. Veracity in 1889 won the Liverpool Summer Cup.

Red Eagle was another useful winner, but of late years Lord Newton's colours have not been very often to the fore except in little events at Newton. At present he has a few animals in training with Peace at Lambourn, but nothing of any note.

As Mr. W. J. Legh, he was at one time a patron of coursing, and owned Lobelia, winner of the Waterloo Cup, the bitch running in the nomination of Mr. E. Stocker.

Lord Newton was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1881.

THREE YEAR OLDS OF THE KINGSCLERE STABLE.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BLUEWATER, BY BLUE GREEN—RYDAL.

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BLUEWATER is a bay filly by Blue Green out of the very useful Rydal—who was as much a success on the race-course in her racing days as her produce have been. She is as our illustration discloses a very shapely filly, built on running lines, and if she was not quite in the first class in her two year old season, she is just the stamp of filly to train on. Her first appearance in public was in the British Dominion Two Year Old Stakes at Sandown Park in June, where she started favourite at 7 to 4, coming with a very big reputation from Kingsclere. The fame of the stable at Ascot in the preceding week was sufficient to keep the racing public on the *qui vive* for anything that John Porter should bring out to run in the Eaton yellow and black, and so it came about that as much as 100 to 14 was betted bar one. As so very often happens, she ran a little green, and not responding quite so readily as Cannon expected, failed to quite get up in a close finish, and was beaten a head by Canonbury. At first blush this did not look a very satisfactory performance, for Canonbury was giving 15lb.; but Bluewater made some amends for this failure in her next engagement, which was at Hurst Park, where she won the Middlesex Two Year Old

Plate very easily from Titare and nine others. She confirmed the form at Sandown Park in July in the Great Kingston Two Year Old Stakes, in which she carried a 5lb. penalty and beat Hylæus and the Prince of Wales's colt St. Nicholas—who was making his *début* in the race—easily by three parts of a length, a like distance separating second and third.

She won a third time—in succession—at Goodwood, where she beat Lowly, Royal Footman, and Lady Frivoles, and three others in the Rous Memorial Stakes, getting home by a neck from Lowly, Royal Footman running third six lengths off in a pulling up field.

She ran three times subsequently, without success, though it must be admitted that in her last engagement, The Liverpool Nursery, run over a distance of seven furlongs, she was, as after events proved, set a very severe task to concede 16lb. to Merle. That she failed to give the weight away was no disgrace to her, while when Melfitana beat her for the Free Handicap over the Bietby Stakes Course of six furlongs at Newmarket, she was trying to give 3lb. to probably the second best filly of her year. It was said that at Derby September Meeting, where Bluewater

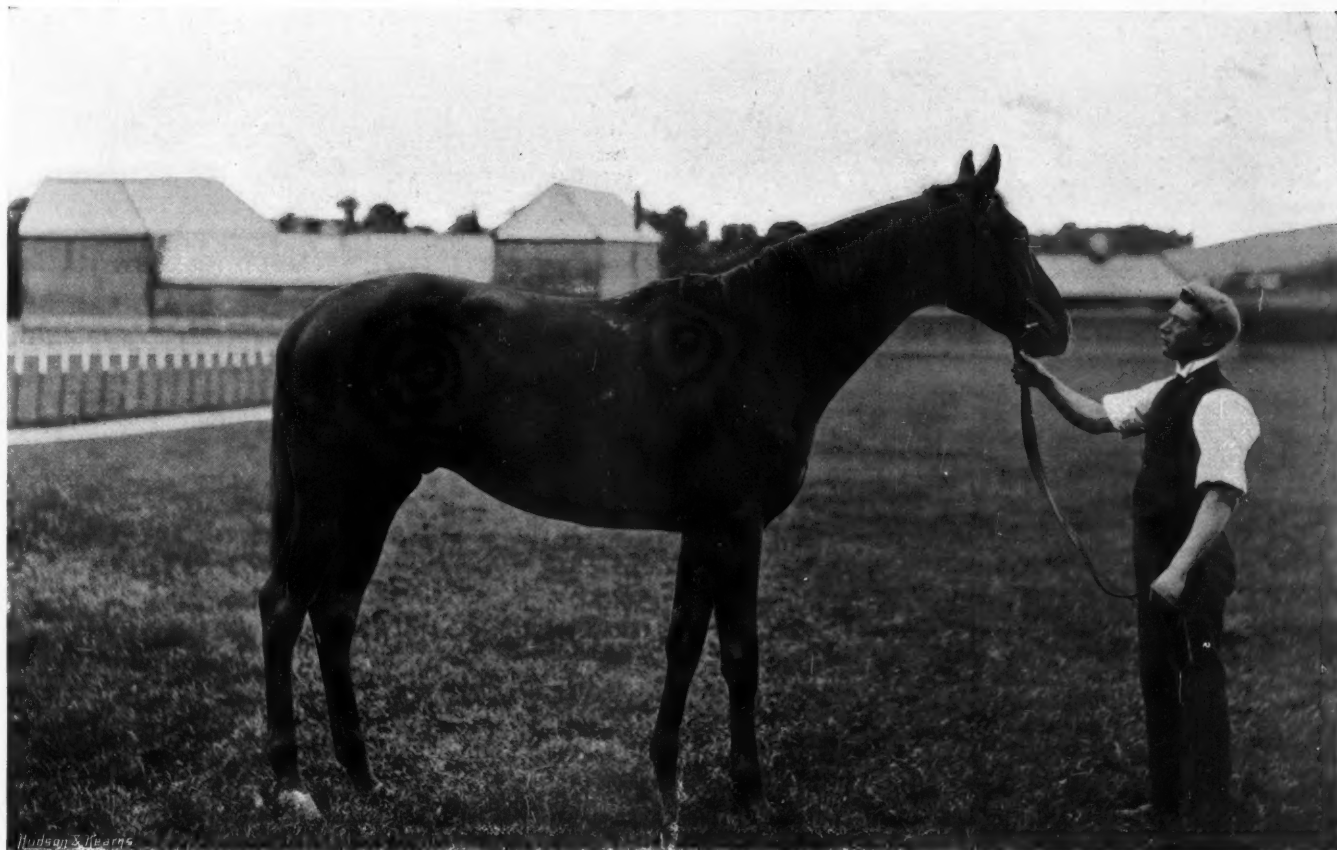


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ORELIO, BY BEND OR—LILY AGNES.

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was beaten by Flying Colours and Surety in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, that excuses existed for the Duke of Westminster's filly, and it seems probable that there were grounds for the assertion, as Bluewater decisively reversed positions with Flying Colours when the pair met in the Free Handicap just alluded to.

ORELIO is a chestnut colt by Bend Or—Lily Agnes, and, therefore, own brother to the mighty Ormonde. But it has to

be remembered also that he bears the same relationship to the distinctly moderate Ossory, whom, by the way, he takes after in colour. Ormonde was one of Bend Or's few bays, and it is a noticeable fact that, with one exception, the chestnut progeny of the Eaton sire have never proved of equal merit to the bays. The one exception is, however, Kendal, a host in himself, and quite sufficient to refute the oft repeated assertion that all the chestnut Bend Ors are soft.

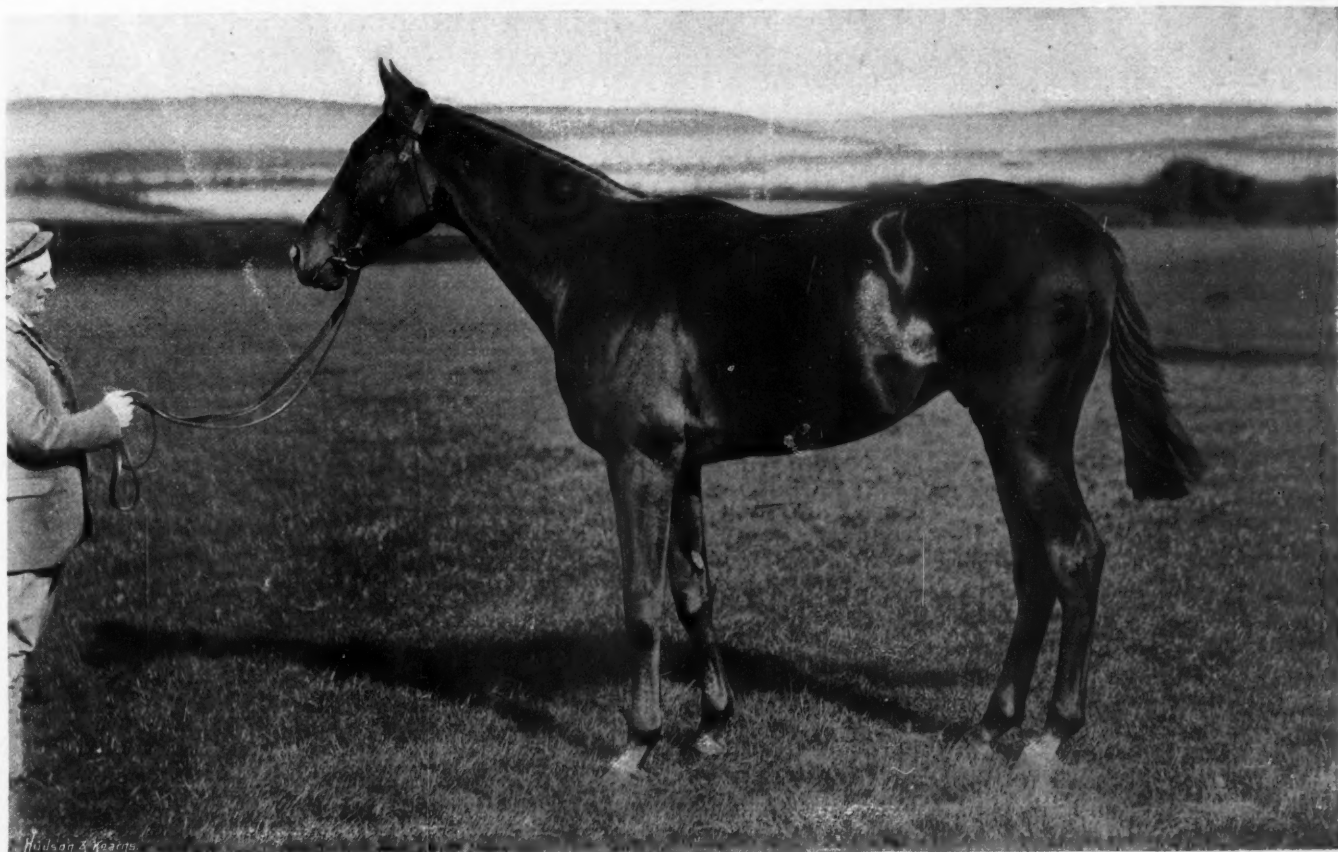


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

COLT BY BEND OR—BRAW LASS.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ZARABANDA, BY SARABAND—ANTHEM.

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Orelia only ran once last season, in the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket, on the closing day of racing on the Heath in 1896. This was the identical race selected for the first appearance of Regret in 1895, but Orelia was unable to complete the parallel, for he was rather easily beaten by Mr. C. D. Rose's filly Cortegar.

Mr. W. Low's CHESTNUT COLT BY BEND OR—BRAW LASS, furnishes the third of our present illustrations of the Kingsclere

three year olds of the coming season. He came out with a good reputation at Sandown Park in July, on the occasion of his starting for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. He was an equal first favourite with Alfar, but could get no nearer than third to Chelandry and Ardeshir. That this was his true form his connections declined to believe, but though when he came out again at Goodwood to run for the Richmond Stakes he was made a hot favourite, odds of 85 to 40 being laid on his chance,



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

KENN, BY DONOVAN—KENEGIE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE FRONT YARD: PARK HOUSE STABLES.

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he was never in the race with any prospects of success, and could only run fourth in a field of five, to the outsider Chillingham, Oakdene, and Trawler.

Subsequently he was allowed to walk over for a Private Sweepstakes, at Warwick, in November, thus achieving the anomalous distinction of being recorded a winner, but being still able to claim the maiden allowance.

ZARABANDA is a three year old brown filly by Saraband—Anthem, and therefore half-sister to the useful Bach. The joint property of Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, she made her first appearance at Epsom Summer Meeting, where she won the Stanley Stakes by a head from Mr. Pilkington's Glenally, whom she was meeting at the 3lb. sex allowance. Narrow as was her victory on this occasion she made such satisfactory progress at home during the fortnight that elapsed between the Epsom and Ascot Meeting that on her next appearance in public in the Queen's Stand Plate at the Royal Meeting, odds were laid on her chance with some considerable confidence. She was set to beat seven other competitors, among whom Mocanna, Macbriar, and The Nipper were, next to her, the most fancied. Kingsclere had been so all-conquering throughout the meeting, that it came as a most unwelcome surprise to the majority of those present—to the majority, at least, of those present who were backing horses—to see the American colt Wishard jump off with the lead, hold it all the way, and win in a canter by four lengths.

No mistake, however, was made on the occasion of her third engagement, which was for the Findon Stakes at Goodwood.

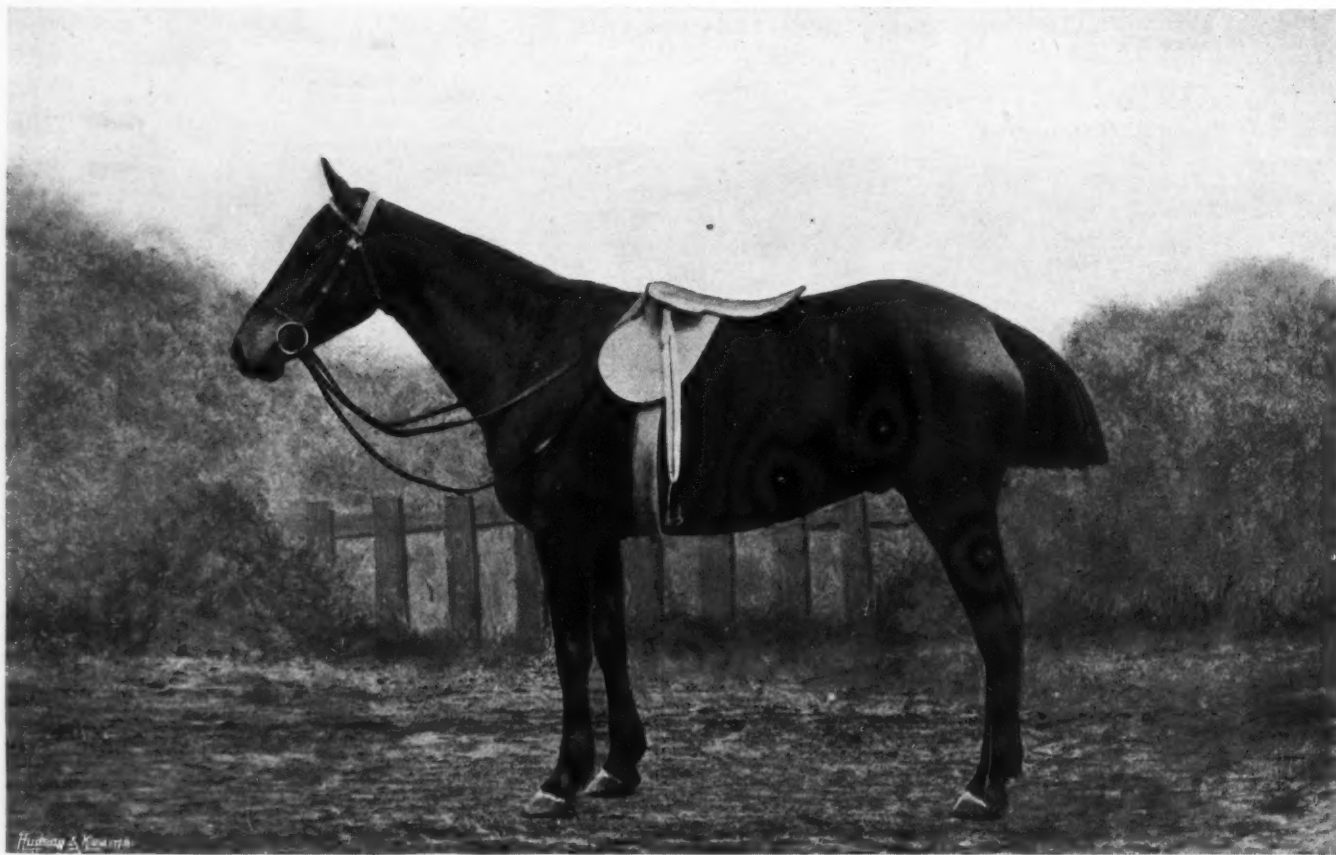
Here she certainly had very little to beat, but the odds of 7 to 2 which were laid on her were never in doubt, and though she only won by three quarters of a length, it was a very easy victory indeed. She only fulfilled one other engagement in the course of the season—the Kempton Park Nursery Handicap on the Duke of York Stakes day. For this she was made favourite, but though she ran well to the distance she had no chance with the two leaders, Forcett and Lexicon, who may be remembered as having run home a desperate race, lengths in front of a pulling-up field, of which Forcett just got the best by a short head.

Up to the end of the year Zarabanda had no engagement for the coming season, but several may have been made for her.

For the classic races the confederacy who run their horses in the chocolate and yellow sleeves must depend on Vesuvian, by Royal Hampton—Fuse, who won the Dewhurst Plate, the only engagement that he fulfilled last season, and KENN, a brown three year old son of Donovan and Kenegie, who has yet to make a first appearance on a racecourse.

Since the illustrations of Kingsclere appeared in one of the early numbers of RACING ILLUSTRATED, several alterations, additions, and improvements have been made to the stabling at Park House. The yard, however, which is shown in this number is the identical one which was in existence in the very early days when John Porter took over the charge of the stable in succession to Manning; and its aspect is, as a matter of fact, very little changed from that which it wore in the early days of Porter's successes with the cherry and black.

AN ALL-ROUND PONY.



PYRO: A CELEBRITY OF NATAL

PYRO, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a bright bay pony, standing 14 hands, and is by Nimble Jim, who was by Jovial Boy, a light peacocky chestnut, imported from England some 23 years ago by Mr. Charles Barter, J.P., late Resident Magistrate, Pietermaritzburg, a gentleman who was one of the earliest blood-stock breeders in Natal, and who did more in the 60's and 70's to improve the class of horses in the colony than perhaps any other man.

Pyro is the property of Mr. W. Simons, of Howick, and besides having placed many flat races to his owner's credit, has been successful over a country as well, his best performance being in the Dargle Pony Steeplechase Handicap in July last, when he carried the top weight (12 stone) to victory. At the last Pietermaritzburg Annual Agricultural Show he secured the Pony Jumping Competition, and was awarded first prize in the polo pony section.

Pony (14 hands) and Galloway (14.2) racing has been, and still is, perhaps the most popular form of sport in South Africa. The meetings are frequent, fields are good, and the attendance of the public is large. As the not infrequent "Steward enquiries," and occasional "Warnings off" imply, the highest moral tone does not seem to pervade the Johannesburg pony racing atmosphere; but still the merry punter always comes up smiling, and we read that at their last meeting over £10,000 passed through the Totalisator during the afternoon. And this latter sum represents only a fractional part of the business done with the Ring.

The non-success of recent importations of racing ponies from Australia, Mexico, and elsewhere goes to support the opinion, expressed by good judges, that South African bred ponies cannot be surpassed by those of any other country for racing purposes. The *raison d'être* of this does not take much

looking for, when it is considered that they are not pony-bred ponies, but ponies bred from blood stock. They invariably possess three or four direct strains of blood, while some are qualified for insertion in the Stud Book.

To the English reader a thoroughbred horse of 14 hands seems an anomaly, perhaps, but the degeneration in size is in no way attributable to the breed, but is due to the fact that they are stunted in their growth from the foal period upwards. Take as an example the *modus operandi* of one of the most successful pony breeders in Natal. This gentleman's mares and fillies, from the time they are foaled until they ultimately furnish a meal for the ubiquitous vulture, roam at large in a 5,000 acre paddock, untouched and for months often unseen. The foals are dropped in the Spring, about October, and continue to thrive until March or April, when the winter commence to set in, and the grass is nipped off by the severe frosts and the biting cold winds that blow off the snow-covered Drakensberg Mountains. How the poor creatures contrive to subsist through the hard winters, on the scant herbage they manage to pick up, and without shelter of any kind, is a mystery. However, a large proportion do get through until the following Spring, which they meet in such an emaciated condition, that it takes them at least two or three months grazing on the new grass to recover from the effects of the severe ordeal of starvation, wet and cold, through which they have passed.

This leaves them, practically speaking, some four months only in the year in which to grow out; and consequently they seldom attain a greater height than 14 hands at five years old, when they are full grown, and before which age they are of not much use for galloping purposes.

The particular troop to which we allude averages some 200 of various ages, and most of them are the descendants of some twenty fine handsome mares, cast and sold from the ranks of the 17th Lancers at the conclusion of the Zulu War in 1879.

The stallions run with the troop in the spring, but are taken up and stabled throughout the winter. Glastonbury, who won the Northumberland Plate in the 70's; Beauclerc Boy, a son of Beauclerc of Middle Park Plate fame; L'Agulhas, by Buckstone, Hesperus by Morning Star and Chevalier—the last three being Cape-bred horses and thoroughbred—have severally reigned as Sultans in this harem.

The colt foals, which are castrated as yearlings, are for sale at four years, the average prices ranging from fifteen to twenty guineas. The buyer rides into the troop, makes his selection, and the youngster is cut off from the rest, driven with some old horses into a kraal or paddock, where, with the aid of a long bamboo pole and a running noose of brayed oxhide or reim as it is called, he is lassoed round the neck and choked down at the purchaser's risk. Accidents rarely occur from this "choking down" process, and it has the advantage that a youngster so treated is never known to develop in after life the vice of reining or pulling back, when tied up in the stable or hitched up by his bridle.

It must not be said that all Natal horse breeders farm on this system. Others have smaller troops of mares, which, together with the foals, they feed with artificial food when the winter sets in and the grass falls off in quality, thus rearing a horse of 15 hands and over, suitable for cavalry remounts.

Certainly the thoroughbred imported into Natal most successful in siring galloways and ponies has been the now defunct Conductor. Rather on the big side himself, his stock rarely exceeded 14.2; and curiously enough when by chance an occasional foal has attained anywhere near his sire's proportions he has invariably proved a failure on the turf. In a Galloway Handicap which was run at the Pietermaritzburg Autumn Meeting of 1893, a field of fourteen faced the starter. Escape just got home by a head from Sentry and Yiddisher Lass, who ran a dead heat for second place, followed by Atalanta and Young Conductor a head and neck respectively behind the dead-heaters, the field nowhere. All five of the horses named claimed parentage from Conductor. Dr. Platt, one of Natal's best sportsmen, owns a handsome pony mare in Lassie, while his Governor, also a Conductor galloway, started an even money favourite with 7st 8lb. in the Governor's Cup, at the Pietermaritzburg November Meeting this year, succumbing by a neck to King of Song, an imported horse by King Monmouth out of Queen of Song who was carrying 8st 8lb.

The South African pony is an active, hardy, wiry animal, and, when used as a hack or journey horse, is capable of carrying heavy weights over a long distance of ground in the course of the day. When used for racing purposes, as he has the best of limbs and feet, he is particularly easy to bring to the post fit and sound.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

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DEAR AT THE PRICE.

TWO men were talking to each other earnestly in a corner of the paddock. One was a jockey, the other an "owner." The jockey rode for love of fame and food, the latter being a necessary even of his life, and the former one of its luxuries. The "owner" belonged to the shirt-sleeve type of sportsman, and had what he could get, not minding how he got it; so the two men strolled about the paddock in serious converse. If they had been talking about religion they could not have been more emphatic, although they would no doubt have been less subdued in manner. But questions of dogma did not form the subject of their conversation.

"This 'oss ain't been thoroughly schooled yet, Dick," said the "owner," whose appearance suggested the idea that his own schooling had been forgotten. "But, Lord love us all, I'm sure he'll jump like a cat, nat'rally as you may say; he's full of cunning and would rather jump up than fall down any day. He don't mean to 'urt 'imself. He'll give you a pleasant ride."

"Oh yes," replied the jockey, with a prolonged wink; "I know the sort, old boy. You daren't school 'em at home, and therefore bring 'em out to learn their business. Somebody must ride 'em over the big ditch first, and you think a jockey not on board wages had better do so. He can only die once, you reflect, and if he is to be killed why not now and save the interest of his keep?"

"I'm telling you the truth straight," said the "owner," wincing under the jockey's playful satire. "This animile 'as been over all the fences except the ditch, and he'll jump that all

right, you take my word. He's too fond of himself to fall, and if he thinks he's likely to have bad luck, he'll chuck it before he gets there."

"And chuck me too, eh?" queried the jockey, feigning to have just had a severe "purier" and to have smashed in all one side of himself.

"Chuck nothink," exclaimed the "owner" indignantly. "You steeplechase jockeys nowadays want to ride in a pleasure barge down a ripplin' stream, with a girl a-fannin' of you. You think you are entitled to live for ever, no matter who has to keep you in wine and cigars. This is a clever 'oss, I tell you, a really clever, cunning 'oss, and if he 'urts anybody it will be 'is pore owner who's a-backin', not a-ridin', of him."

"Ah, then he's no chance," returned the jockey, who drew his inference rapidly: "he's out for a school to-day if not for an airing, being big in condition and fat inside; when asked to go on and win, he will threaten to choke. Is that about the ticket?"

"He's a fine turn of speed and can stay," responded the "owner" with an almost tragic intensity of expression, "what beats him I should like to buy—if they'd stand me on the nod. But people have no confidence in such fellow-creatures as me. I should have better horses if I had more money."

"No doubt, and so would others," said the jockey. "It's not finding the horses that beats 'em, it's finding the brass. They are willing to promise it and trust to Providence, but the others won't trust them, or Providence either, where money is con-

cerned; the 'ready' *must* be posted. And what are the terms, gov'nor, if I ride this clever 'oss to-day for you? Cash down, of course."

"Thirty 'bob' if you jump the country, two 'quid' if you 'come it,' and four if you win," answered the "owner," having evidently learned the tariff by heart, and repeating it with a sense of pride that he could not only talk of such sums, but pay them if he were obliged to do so.

"And if I am destroyed you promise to have the *debris* decently removed. You will see me buried, of course."

"Buried be blowed, you know too much to die young. You will ride a lot more winners, my lad, before you pass through the workhouse on your way to the cemetery."

"Thanks," murmured the jockey with emotion, "I *must* ride for you now. Give me the colours. I shall get nothing for looking on. I might as well ride a rocky lepper as back a 'stumer;' both are sure to break me in the end. But even thirty shillings will take me to the next meeting."

So Dick Sparkins, the cross country jockey, weighed out to ride the four year old Neophyte (that had not been properly schooled) on the easy terms specified, being prepared to take all the risks attached to the enterprise. He knew that he was more likely to fall than not—for it is assuredly dangerous to race an unschooled horse in a crowd of others over the regulation ditches—and that he might be hurt. Probably he was rather afraid, and no wonder, but he wanted money and accepted the chances of mutilation for a pecuniary reward that seemed inadequate to a man of common sense, who would not fall out of bed for a "fiver."

As was well known among racing people, Dick Sparkins made his living by going from one race meeting to another, ready at all times to ride any sort of horse, over any sort of course, for an insufficient remuneration. He was often put on bad jumpers, on horses that did not know how to jump, and, strange to say he hadn't been killed—yet. He had, however, been knocked about a great deal in the course of his career. But there was not much of him to damage. What there was being very "hard," his good condition saved him.

Though a fine horseman, Dick was rarely seen on a good horse. His speciality seemed to stick to him; owners had an idea that he was not much good except on "a rough 'un." That was an injustice to him, yet it teaches a valuable lesson—that bravery does not always pay in this world. That, by the bye, is a lesson most of us learn when young, and act upon it consistently throughout life.

The class of sportsmen who chiefly employed Dick was fairly represented by the shirt-sleeve gentlemen to whom reference has been made. They raced for bread and cheese, not for honour and glory. Their ambition was to get their bread and cheese as cheaply as possible.

They had an idea that jockeys ought to live on air and ride for nothing. They were "sweaters" in their way; the remuneration of others by them was a subject they approached with coyness. Parting with money was a pang to them, and, like other people, they were not fond of pangs.

As Neophyte was being walked round the paddock prior to his race, the man who owned him gave Sparkins his riding orders. These were elaborate, in parts rhetorical. Looking vindictively at the young chaser (who had as yet done nothing to incriminate himself), his proprietor said to the jockey: "This 'oss will take plenty of riding and don't you forget it. Set about him at the jumps, and give him no chance to run out. Get him between two others, and he must go straight on or upside down. If he tries to bolt clump him over the head with your whip, and bring him along over the last fence with a rattle. If you do what I tell you and ride him hard enough the 'oss will just about take this race."

"I look like having my hands full," said the jockey hopefully, "and if I come back alive it won't be your fault. Still I'll do my best, not so much for your sake, old chap, as for my own, and whatever my reward may be, the grave or the gold, I shall have done something for it."

Then the race was run; and being behind the scenes as it were, I watched it with interest. The doings of Neophyte repaid observation. At the first turn he endeavoured to bolt, and was promptly straightened by the whip, applied with severity across his nose. Mr. Sparkins was certainly trying to earn his money, if not to prolong his existence.

Approaching the first "ditch," Neophyte did not admire its appearance, not having seen it before, and began to "scotch" a long time before he got there. But he was wedged in between two others.

Dick gave him no chance to stop, being busy with the whip, and when the others jumped he jumped—wildly into the air. He landed on his knees and nose, and was only recovered by a marvellous display of horsemanship. Truly Mr. Sparkins was doing something to prove that he was worthy of his hire, even if, at the same time, he might be qualifying for his insurance money.

To describe all the incidents of the race would be monotonous. Enough to state that the useful chaser never jumped a fence properly; that at most of them he stood on his head, as the experts say; that the "ditch" nearly capsize him more than once, that he did his best to run out at every turn and was straightened in the usual manner by the whip, and that, after scrambling over the last obstacle well up with the leader, he swerved from the "bat" (although he ought to have become familiar with it by that time and had had it all over him), being easily beaten, in consequence of that swerve, by about a length and a half. The punters cheered, having backed the winner, and being of opinion that the owner of Neophyte ought to have been "warned off" years ago.

After Dick had weighed in and changed his clothes, he looked about for his employer, anxious to receive the thirty shillings to which he was entitled by his recent performance in the saddle, and found that gentleman consoling himself in the refreshment saloon. With him, drinking with him, talking with him, laughing at him, were congenial friends.

"Well, gov'nor," said Dick, smiling sweetly at the object of his hopes, "I couldn't quite get the young horse home. He looked like winning between the last two fences, but turned it up at the finish. I'm afraid he's a bit of a welscher. I never had such a rocky ride; when he wasn't falling he was trying to bolt. Pass over my thirty bob, please, as I'm just off."

"Oh yes, it's pass over the brass, of course," shrieked the "owner," with a loathsome scowl, "and what sort of a fatheaded jockey do you call *yourself*? Nuts and gingerpop—that's what you ought to be riding for. I told you to keep on 'idin' 'im, and instead you sat back a-'oldin' of 'im, like a bloomin' kid afraid he was going to be killed. Ride, indeed, why you ought to ride in a Pullman car with a rug over you and your teeth glued together to keep 'em from chattering."

"And you," retorted the jockey, having received his honorarium, "ought only to own pigs and be made to eat 'em, at every meal during the rest of your unnatural life. *Your* game is looking after animals of that sort, not owning racehorses."

Then they were parted before blows were exchanged, the jockey going to the station, and the "owner" revisiting the buffet. Eventually he was removed from the course, swearing hard when shaken in transit; while when unloaded at home he thought it was the workhouse he had arrived at, and shrieked loudly. The fact was he was born there—at the workhouse, that is, not at home.

G. G.



Photo. by W. A. Roush.

WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.—III.

EXMOOR at the back end of the year is no place for the drawing-room sportsman. He who assists at the chase of the timid hind must be prepared for weather of the most exasperating pattern, for thick choking fogs, and ground to gallop over, rotten and treacherous from the frequent rain. There is no picnicking about hind-hunting, and with most of the visitors to the different hunting centres departed, the few locals have to leave their quarters at a very early hour in the morning, for the hounds meet at 10, during the short days from November to February. The field rarely consists of more than a dozen, all told, and all of the right sort, and if the hind can be induced to leave her companions, or her calf—which last-named has, on some occasions, to be galloped down into a corner and there and then despatched, in the interests of sport—and to take to the open—a good run is pretty well assured.

There is no necessity for "harbouring" the hind, who can be hunted at any age from three years upwards. It is seldom, in fact, that one can take a ride in the Exmoor district without encountering a hind; and it is during the winter months that the gregarious habits of the deer are brought under ocular observation. The only solitary deer are the sick and the maimed, of which last, owing to wire fences and poaching, there are not a few. The "invalids" are always turned adrift by their sound and healthy companions, after the manner of all the wild members of creation—birds, beasts, fishes, and *crustacea*; and Shakespeare's

"—poor sequester'd stag
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en some hurt,"

is no mere fanciful picture at the present day.

The great drawback to hind hunting has always been that it is frequently impossible to prevent changing deer. Mr. Fenwick Bissett once found his hounds in pursuit of a compact column



Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

ON THE MOOR.

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of forty-four, and hounds have often been known to separate in three or four detachments, each one hunting a dozen or more apiece. At the end of the year the deer leave the coverts, and hundreds take up their quarters on Dunkerry Beacon, the highest and most exposed spot on Exmoor.

The following accounts of two runs with hinds are abridged from the diary of Mr. Bissett:—"November 10th, 1876.—Met at Cloutsham. Took seven couples, and got on a line in Old Wood. Away to Nutscale, where eight hinds and one stag were before them; over Lucott Moor (where the stag left them), and on over Mill Hill to Chalk Water (here settled on a hind and yearling), and over Oare Common to Deer Park, down to the left to Badgworthy Water, down it to the foot of Longcombe, up it some way, then back over Deer Park, just as they had come, to Chalk Water; over Mill Hill and Porlock Common to Alderman's Barrow, on towards Wellshead, short to the right over to Acmead Water (here they jumped up in view), over Porlock and Lucott Commons to Blackford, up the water to Nutscale, and to the left over Wilmersham Common to Old Wood. Here the yearling turned down the bottom, and hounds killed it before they could be stopped. Took them back to the line of the hind over Stoke Common and on to Sweetworthy, where fresh found her; crossing the combes on Dunkerry,

south side to Luccombe Alders (six couple of fresh hounds laid on by the road), back through Luccombe Plantation to Horner Mill, across to Wreacombe, and over Leigh Hill into Hawkcome, then back and over Leigh enclosures to Whitebarrow Wood, and down stream to Stokeford, up the water to Nutscale, along the south side of Dunkerry, into Hannacombe. Down the bottom to the right, over Harwood enclosures, and then to the left over Barrow Farm to the valley below, and to Timberscombe and Knowle. Here hounds caught a view, and raced her down the meadows for another mile, killing her just under Kitwall. Four hours and forty five minutes. Almost certainly the same hind throughout."

This seems to have been a memorable run, and with so much dodging about over the country which lies between the Badgworthy Water and Timberscombe, it seems remarkable that a change of deer should not have taken place.

In February, 1885, under Lord Ebrington's mastership, a still more memorable run occurred.

"February 9th, Keeper's Cottage, Winsford Hill.—Found a hind and a male deer in the Allotments. Separated them, and laid pack on the

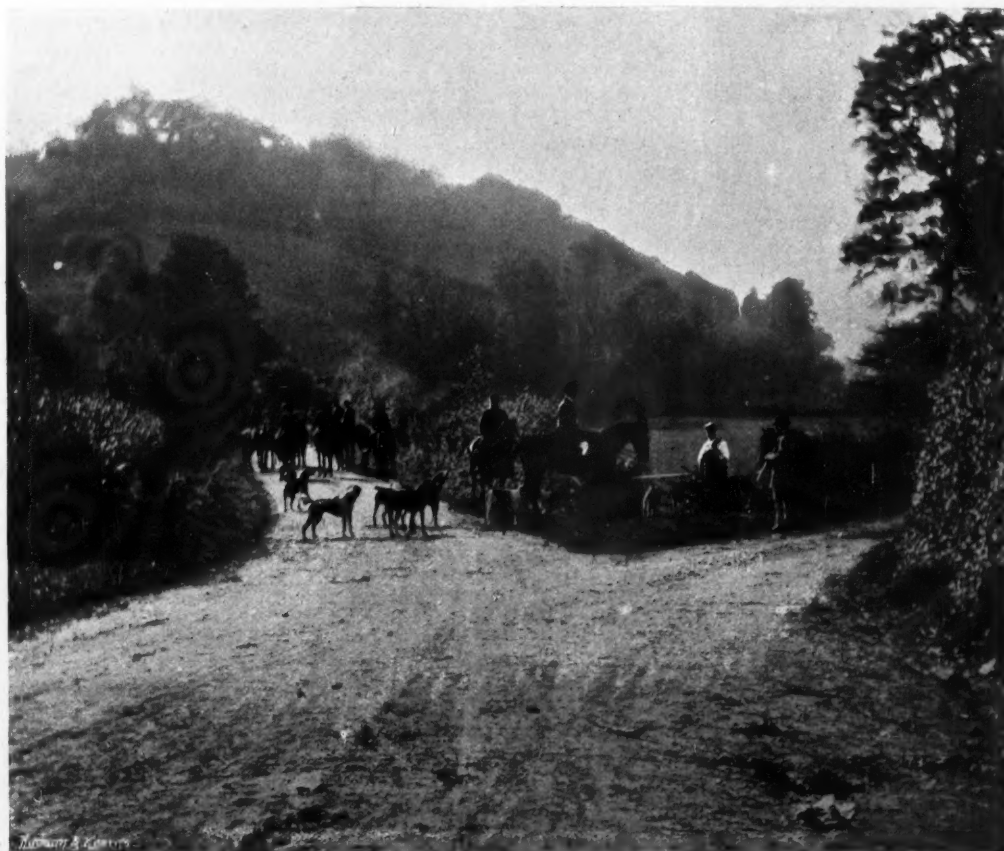


Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

AT THE CORNER.

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hind at 11 a.m. She broke near Folley's, and went away by Wambarrow to Ashe Wood, Bye Hill, and the Exe; up the water, out short of Linccombe, and over Staddon Hill to Peen and the head of Harespath; down the lane towards Dunkerry Gate, a little way then across by Codsend Moors and Higher House to Dunkerry, crossed to westward of the Beacon, and then swung round the north side to Red Girts; down by them nearly to Luccombe Alders, then to the left just above the enclosures to Horner Mill. One hour, so far, best pace. Arthur (the huntsman) cast up some little way, but soon returned, and hit out the line below Horner on to Clattery Way. She followed this to Halsecombe and over Clatters to Doverhay Combe. Down the combe, then up beside the fence, and through the new plantations to Hawkcombe Water. Arthur again soon cast up, but soon returned, and hunted her down almost to the Mill, then up and down the lane, and into Little Halsecombe. Here at last, after all this short running, he first found her, when she came back to the water and down through Porlock town a little way; back and up the road nearly to Peepont, then short back on the other road opposite,

and leaving Doverhay on the right crossed the enclosures as if for Bossington, but turned short back up the watery lane, and on the main road as far as West Luccombe. Here she turned short once more, and went all down the stream, past Breakneck to Lynch Bridge. Fresh found her here, and raced her beside the water to the sea, which she reached just ahead of the hounds, in two hours and twenty minutes from the find. It was quite calm, and most of the hounds swam out after her, but she had the pace of them by sea as well as by land. A very fine hind and a very strong one, as may be seen from the foregoing. A grand run, which master, huntsman, Miles (the harbourer), and Mr. Glasse had pretty well to themselves."

There is a legend in the district of a stag taking to the sea, at Porlock Weir, and of a boat being put out by his pursuers. But the good stag had got too long a start, and would have "made" the Welsh coast or perished in the waves, but for the occupants



Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

TAKING OUT THE TUFTERS.

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of another boat, which had put out from a schooner which was beating up channel. These pirates secured the antlered monarch within full view of the exasperated hunters, and probably had venison for supper for some time afterwards.

Any paper on the Devon and Somerset Hounds would be incomplete without mention of the Reverend Jack Russell, who saw his first stag killed in 1814, under the mastership of the Earl Fortescue, and saw his last killed some seventy years later, under the mastership of a great-grandson of that same Earl Fortescue. And before the birth of Mr. Russell there lived another parson, one John Boyse, whose diaries from 1780 to 1825 have furnished much matter in connection with the good old days. Mr. Boyse was a light-weight and a good horseman, and knew his way over the great tracts of moss-covered bog, which then existed on Exmoor, better than most of his contemporaries. In fact, it was a common saying, a century or so ago, that "Boyse was the only one with them." But it was from "Parson Russell" that the present generation received the best traditions of wild staghunting in its palmiest days, and he was well stricken in years when, after what looked like a very bad tumble, he remarked cheerily to the man who picked him up—

"Never mind the cuts and bruises, my dear man, but help me on to my horse again."

There is only to be added that the handiest centres to hunt from are Minehead and Dunster, at both of which places the accommodation for man and beast is really excellent. Dulverton is rather too far from some of the best meets, and a similar objection applies to Lynton—although a stag was once run from Horner to Wooda Bay, between Lynton and Ilfracombe—but the Luttrell Arms at Dunster, and the Plume of Feathers Hotel at Minehead are always crammed with sportsmen and sportswomen from August to October, whilst tried hunters, well used to the country, can always be obtained from



Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

CHANGING HORSES.

Copyright.



Photo. by **A SOLITARY HORSEMAN.** Lomas.

Messrs. John White, Vicary, and Trevena. At the Plume of Feathers, Minehead, is an interesting and unique piece of furniture in the entrance hall, in the shape of an arm-chair, made entirely of stags' horns, and seated in this chair Arthur Heal, who hunted the Devon and Somerset for many years,

THE BEST HOUND OF THE PACK.



Photo. by **MICHAEL ; IN HIS SEVENTH SEASON.** Lomas.



Photo. by **WAITING FOR THE MASTER.** Lomas.

and who appears in our illustration entitled A SOLITARY HORSEMAN has been depicted.

As, however, the photograph has already appeared in *Baily's Magazine*, and more than one of the illustrated journals, we do not reproduce it here. E. S.

THE BIG BROADWOOD STAG.



Photo. by **KILLED SEPTEMBER 25th, 1896.** Lomas.

SOME SPORTING DOGS.

THE wavy-coated retriever shown in our first illustration is the property of Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford, C.B., of Batsford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Possessed of a good pedigree, she has made a creditable appearance on the bench, and to her other qualifications, at the time she was photographed, was added that of a good nurse. It may be seen she is attending to her maternal duties in a most commendable manner. The goodness of her temper was well exemplified by the way she allowed a stranger to handle both herself and her puppies, who were constantly moving away, and had, of course, as constantly to be brought back within the range of the camera.

The fox terrier puppies were the property of a lady in Dumfriesshire. Naturally very fond of animals, their owner was so interested in this little family, that she desired to have their likenesses transferred to paper before they should leave the maternal roof to run their race of life in different parts of the world.

During the first few weeks of their lives, puppies do little else but feed and sleep, but after they begin to move about, they get as frisky as their ungainly forms will allow.

They soon begin to develop those qualities which distinguish them in after life. It is surprising how soon they begin to quarel. As will often happen with the young of the human

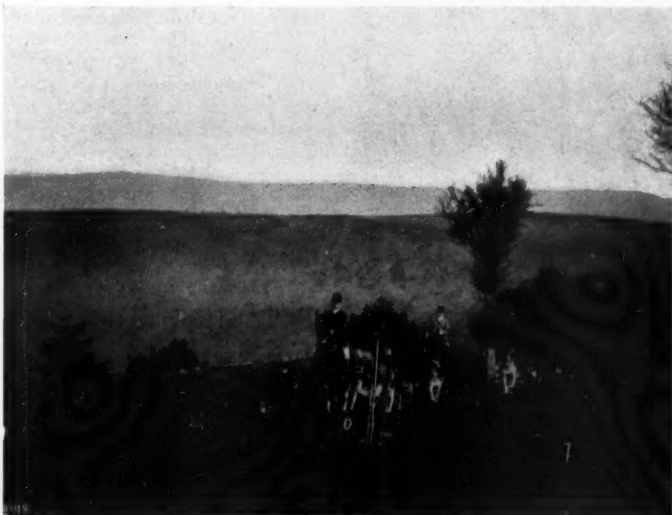


Photo. by **COMING OFF THE MOOR.** Lomas.

species, tussles which begin in fun occasionally end in earnest. In the puppy world this is particularly apt to occur at feeding time, especially if their appetites are sharpened by a longer fast than usual, as each one then "wants the lot."

In our illustration the puppies were taken while engaged with a tempting meal which they tackled in a business-like fashion, indulging in sundry growls and snarls at one another, as if to emphasise the dog maxim, "Let those take who may, and those keep who can."

While each one was fighting for his own hand, or more literally for his little tum-tum, puss, taking advantage of the occasion, came stealthily forward to snatch a share of the good things. To whom the sturdy little gentleman with the very large bone in his mouth is evidently addressing words of warning—whatever is the equivalent in dog language of "Hands off!"

The foxhound, with her pups, belongs to the Lanark and Renfrewshire Pack. The kennels are at Houston, in Renfrewshire. The aversion that these animals have to strangers is intensified while the maternal instinct is present. It is dangerous for a visitor to go near a bitch while she has her young under her care, unless the said visitor is accompanied by someone whom the bitch knows and who can exercise control over her.

The group of small dogs shown in the illustration entitled NOT AT HOME, are known as Poltallock Terriers, and belong to Lord Malcolm of Poltallock, Argyllshire. They are said to be a distinct breed. They are creamy white in colour, and have short legs and long bodies, and are especially noted for their pluck and determination. In the well-nigh impenetrable thickets and rocky



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

A GOOD MOTHER.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

HANDS OFF!

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

JEALOUS OF STRANGERS.

Copyright.

districts which are not uncommon on the Argyllshire coast, they are very useful.

Here foxes, and other kinds of vermin, find a safe retreat, from which they emerge under cover of night to engage in their marauding expeditions. During these they commit serious depredations on the game, and take every opportunity of making a meal off the inmates of the poultry yards of the neighbouring farmers. Were it not for the services of these daring and determined little animals in finding out the whereabouts of the foxes and driving them out of their dens, it would be well-nigh impossible to keep the numbers of "the little red rascal" within proper bounds.

Wherever there is any creature to be started or hunted these little terriers are always ready to perform their part, and to do it with a will.

CHARLES REID.



NOT AT HOME.

COUNTRY HOMES; CHARLECOTE.—II.

VERY fair is many-gabled Charlecote to behold when the evening sun lights up its mellow walls, when the elms are grouped in black masses against the sky, or lift their bare and branching tracery, and when the wild ducks rise from the sedgy hollows and wing their rapid way towards the bridge. As you cross the threshold you bethink you that Elizabeth, whose initials are above, has crossed it before you. Picture the high state in which she came and was received. A young queen then, with many a lord and lady in her train, meeting a gay cavalcade as they approached the door. The long-lineaged squire kneels at her coming, to rise a knight, and never to forget that day. Prouder man there was not in Warwickshire. The "upstart"

Leicester at Kenilworth, should henceforth lord it over him in vain. Here is his livery, with the bear and the ragged staff, never to cover the shoulders of a Lucy, but not to be cast dishonoured in the mire. With much other famous furniture in the house, there still remains a suite which Elizabeth is said to have given to her "sweet Robin." Internally, Charlecote cannot be fully described here. From the windows there are lovely views of the green stretches of the park, of the gay gardens, the beautiful terraces, the far winding river, and the Wellesbourne brook pouring over a weir to join it, of the Welcombe obelisk on the hill. The great hall is a very noble apartment, with much storied glass in its panes, including the famous laces, at which Sir Hugh Evans makes ribald merriment in the play. There is oak panelling all round, in the top of which small panels enframe the quarterings of the Lucy family from the times of Edmund Ironsides downward. To this day the face of Sir Thomas Lucy looks with keen and piercing eye on the visitor from the wall, and he may be seen in a large family picture over the mantel, by Cornelius Janssen, with his wife and family. He is clad in sober black, with huge rosettes on his shoes. His wife has a pleasant face to behold, and his children are stiff and queer, somewhat like little old men and women, as the manner of pictorial children was in those days. Portraits of many other Lucys and of men famous in history, from the easels of great artists, hang on these walls; but this is not the place to catalogue them.

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.



THE GREAT HALL.

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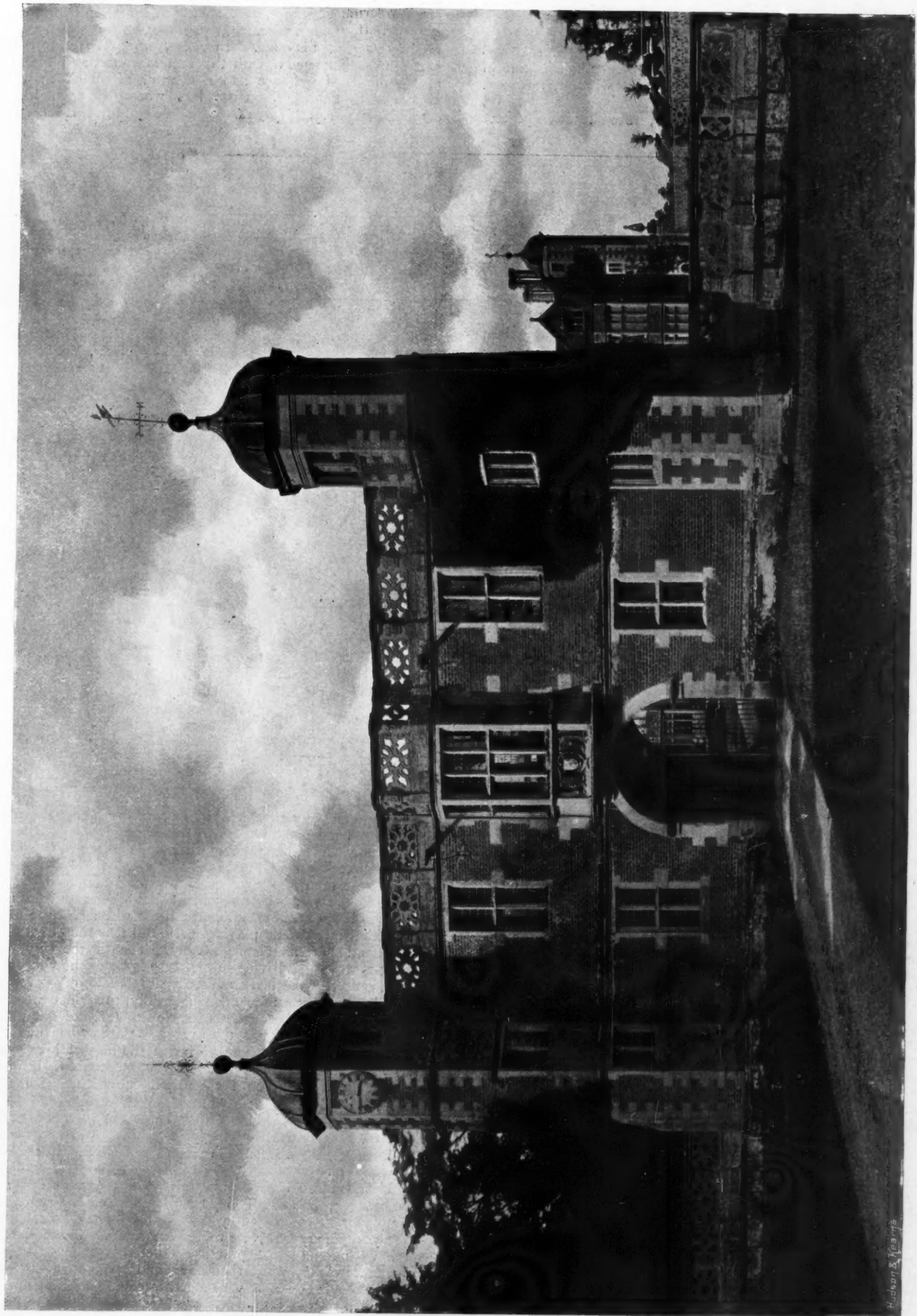


A BRIDGE IN CHARLECOTE PARK.

Copyright—"C.L."

The drawing room, with a fine plaster ceiling, is a charming resort, where old character and modern elegance are happily conjoined, and there are romantic views from its windows over the nobly timbered park. The dining room in the new wing is another splendid apartment, wherein is a splendid carved buffet, from the studio of Wilcox, of Warwick, a leading craftsman in that beautiful art. The great library, with its oaken floor, its quaint furniture, its well filled shelves, the old portraits that hang on the walls above them, and the splendid ceiling, is a noble addition to the house. They treasure in it the "Most Pleasant and Excellent Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporal Nym," printed in 1619. The "excellent and pleasant-conceited comedy" had, however, been printed before, so that the second Sir Thomas Lucy might have seen the subtle portraiture of his sire.

One might go on describing room after room, but this is unnecessary. Enough to say that Charlecote is a house above price, a place where English gentlemen long have dwelt, which possesses the ineffable charm of old world character and precious memories. Small wonder, indeed, that the ancient aspect of the house and its legendary lore should have appealed powerfully to the imagination of Washington Irving when he visited the place. It is easy to people these ancient rooms and moss grown walks with the children of fancy. Sir Thomas Lucy himself might well emerge from the door. His wife, the gentle Joyce, with her children might step out from that picture and walk in these mossy pathways, and the ripple of children's laughter, long since stilled, might seem to sound again through these old rooms and corridors. Here strong Richard Lucy whom Cromwell summoned to the Council Board, here gallant Captain Thomas Lucy, who commanded a troop under Aubrey de Vere, here his beautiful wife, the same who lost £500 one morning at the gaming table before breakfast, and afterwards, as a widow, captivated the Duke of Northumberland, and here many another Lucy might be living still, so little has the place changed from the face and character it bore in former times. The silence is profound, and a new Rip van Winkle, visiting Charlecote after a long, long sleep would scarce suspect the nineteenth century, and would find little, save the evidence of modern elegance, at which to be amazed. Some things, by restoration, have, indeed, been changed. Less dilapidated, perhaps, than it was a century



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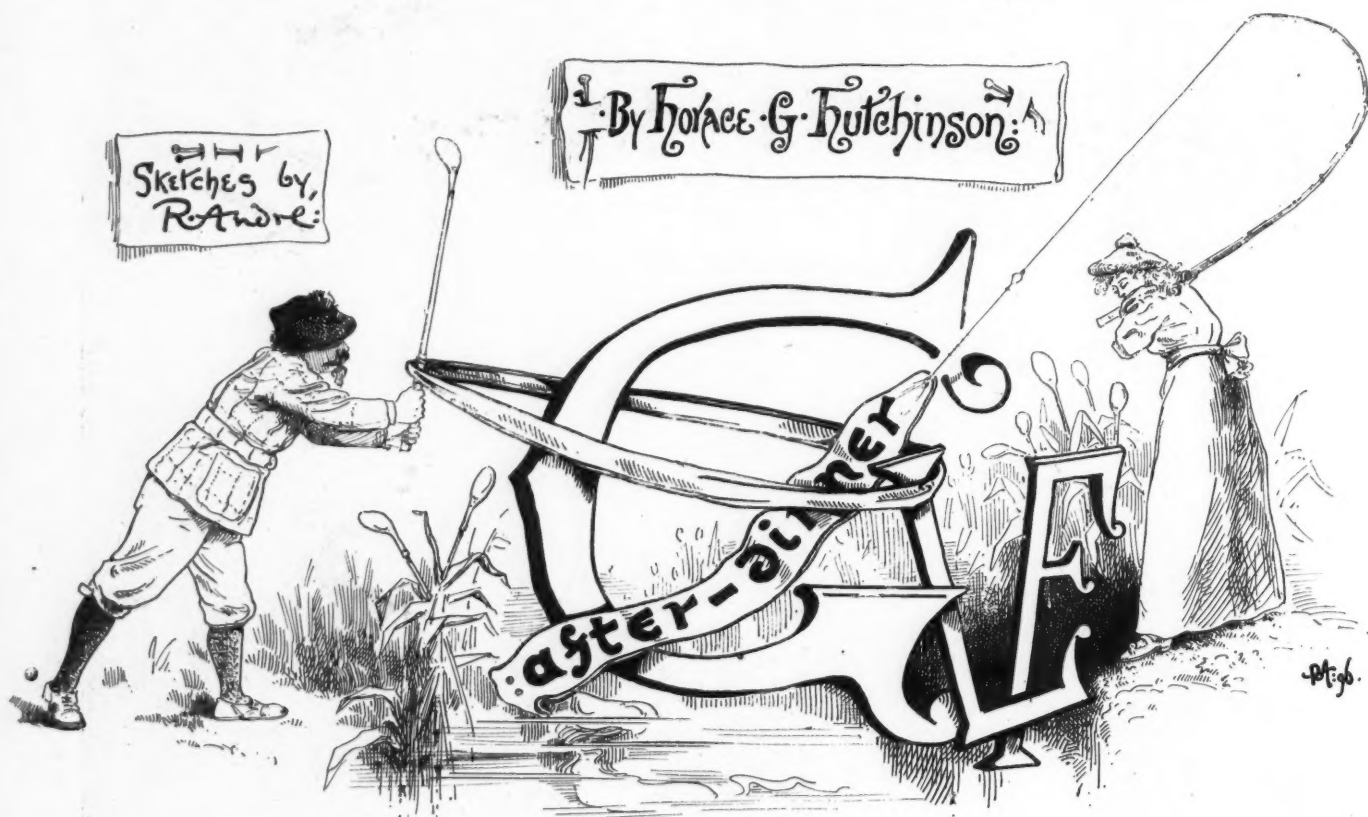
COUNTRY HOMES; THE GATE-HOUSE AT CHARLECOTE.

ago, something of old picturesqueness may have departed, but it now stands the gem of an exquisite landscape, much as when Sir Thomas Lucy first reared its walls.

It is very pleasant to wander from Charlecote along the avenue of splendid elms to the church, where Sir Thomas, in plate armour, and his valued wife lie upon a high tomb, with their children kneeling quaintly at the side. The epitaph which he wrote for her is above, from which we learn that she was trustful in God, faithful and true to her husband, constant in friendship, discreet in counsel, excelling in wisdom, rare and singular as a housewife and mother, a maintainer of hospitality, one esteemed by "her betters"—strange, since she was a perfect

woman, that she could have had any in her husband's eyes, except that he ordered society so—and "misliked of none but the envious." Here, too, may be seen the tomb and effigy of the second Sir Thomas Lucy. The tomb of the third Sir Thomas Lucy and his wife is also in the church, with effigies by the famous Bernini, beneath a canopy, with his wife, in high gown, ruff, tippet and stomacher, kneeling, very strangely and impressively at his side. In short, when the visitor leaves Charlecote, he leaves it with the remembrance, and the picture in his mind, of a house and a country of which many true Englishmen, knights, and not less worthy squires, have for centuries been rightly proud.

JOHN LEYLAND.



"AND, doubtless," said the parson, "it is a like improvement in the course—in the lies and the nature of the putting greens—that makes the scores better at St. Andrews; but it was more in regard to the special point of the widening of the course that I asked your opinion."

"Bless me, parson—lies!" the colonel exclaimed, going off again at score. "Why the lies never were so bad—never—as they are to-day; and they get worse and worse as the world gets more and more full of duffers, and their golf-bags get more and more full of iron clubs. Never were so bad—the lies! But as for the putting greens, there you are right; that is another matter. Since they've sunk those Artesian wells at every green the putting greens have become not only better, but the best in the wide world. That's one thing that makes for better scoring, but there's another that makes far more."

"And what is that?"

"The hard ground," said the colonel, growling it out in a deep bass voice to give it emphasis. "The hard ground. Ground's burnt like a brick. The ball pitches, and away it bounds, and away it runs, with a rattle that you can hear at fifty yards off. What's the effect of the ball running farther?—that it makes the course so much shorter, to be sure; and whereas it took a scratch player two full shots to reach the hole before (or three full shots, as the case may be), now it only takes him one full shot and an iron shot, or two full shots and a mashie shot—that makes a lot of difference in the long run."

"And you think that makes more difference than the widening of the course?"

"Well, look here, parson," the colonel said, "(Confound it all! what an insistent chap you are). Of course the widening makes a certain difference; but you must distinguish between the widening that has gone on lately and the widening that went on before the big boom in golf commenced. About fourteen years ago, when I first went to St. Andrew's, the course was a bit narrower than it is now, but it was plenty wide enough, and to spare. If a first-class player was driving in first-class form he could reasonably hope to finish a couple of rounds without ever

having been in any trouble off the course. There is only one shot which has been made really easier to accurate driving by the widening which has gone on during these fourteen years, and that is the tee-shot to the Heathery hole going out, the sixth hole. There men habitually play with confidence to the right of the bunkers now; whereas, when I first went to St. Andrew's, the margin between these bunkers and the whins was too narrow to make that line worth playing for. But it is the direct line to the hole, and shortens it considerably. That is the single gain to a first-rate player, driving in first rate form, of the widening of the course during the last fourteen years; that's my opinion, at least. Naturally, if a man's driving wildly, the wider the course the better for him, because his erratic shots do not get punishment. In that sense even the recent widening has made the course easier, but, to the best player at the best of his game, it makes very little difference. So much for that. Now I'm going to have a drink and then I'll continue the lecture with a little ancient history."

The colonel betook himself to the solace of some whiskey and water, and returned to the charge, fortified, to discuss the years preceding the auspicious date of his first visit to the Mecca of picus golfers.

"It was quite another matter with the widening of the course between the date of George Glennie's record score of 88 for the medal, or the date of young Tom Morris's record of 77, and the year of my first visit to St. Andrew's. Those few years must have made a great practical difference, even to the best and straightest players at their best and straightest—made all the difference between a very narrow course and a course of ample width. Take the second hole, for instance, on the medal round; the whins came up right to the foot of the hillocks near the green, right over the spot where good players very often aim at lying with their second shots. In those days you had to approach the hole over that difficult hog's back, and there was no option of playing to the right. Take the long hole again; the line on which we now play it was impossible then; all that lower ground, below the Elysian Fields, was a sea of whins; the only

possible line was over the middle of Hell bunker and up on to the Elysian Fields; the second shot took you to the further end of the fields, and then you had a difficult loft, over all sort of broken trouble, to the green. At the next hole you had a narrow course to keep, on the left of the bunkers—the right was impossible; and throughout the round, even where the whins did not make a difference to absolutely perfect play, they still were constantly threatening you, at either side, and making every shot more difficult. Of course I have not seen all this. I only pick up and put together what I have been told about it by wise old men; not believing all that they say—Heaven forbid it—but sorting and comparing, and trying to make out the truth from the delusions; no very easy job."

Then a silence fell upon us, as each was occupied in mapping out in his mind the features of the classic links, and wondering how it happened that he habitually took so many strokes to the holes. Presently the parson chuckled at some amusing reflection, and we demanded of him the reason of his mirth.

"I was laughing at my caddie," he said. The parson, it should be observed, though a perfectly honourable man and a sound theologian, was a left-handed golfer. "My caddie," he went on, "the last time I went to St. Andrew's, was one of those seafaring fellows in blue jerseys and red braces, who go rolling about on the links whenever the wind blows so hard from the East (which is generally), that the boats cannot get out of the harbour. If I were a seafaring man" he put in, parenthetically, "St. Andrew's is where I'd do my seafaring from, because you have to do so much of it on dry land, and I hate the sea. But this mariner of mine, as soon as ever he saw me begin to address myself to the ball, at the first tee, whispered to his mate in an awesome sort of tone, 'Eh, mon, yon's a left-handed player'—and from that instant he left off taking the slightest interest in me or my game. (He could not have taken very much interest in me before, or he'd have noticed that the clubs were left-handed as soon as Rob gave them to him). Well, there's no doubt that my game was not worth taking a great deal of interest in. I never played so badly before, and I hope I never shall again. I topped the ball, I sclafted the ball, I heeled the ball, I toed the ball; I did every abominable thing to it imaginable. And at last I turned in despair to this grim disapproving thing in its blue jersey and Dutchman's breeches, and said to it "Can you tell what I'm doing wrong? What in the world do you think is the matter?"

"And all he said was, as he fixed a far-off look on the coast of Forfarshire: "Aw'm thinkin' ye're standin' the wrang side o' yer ba'!"

"And yet they say," young Bob observed, "that the Scotch have got no humour."

"But I never could make out to this day," said the parson, whether the wretched fellow meant it humorously or no. I'm really not quite sure that it wasn't all genuine, honest, blunder-headed stupidity. I believe he thought (and I daresay he was right) that I should have played better if I had turned round and tried to hit the ball right-handed. I couldn't possibly have played worse."

"He knew what he was about all right, parson, don't you be afraid," said young Robert, who did not mean to let him off. "They're as tricky as monkeys, these fellows, and chock full of ncur. Do you remember the big caddie at one of those



A HARD LIE.

professional matches we saw? A man in the crowd coughed, just as one of them was going to putt—meant to put him off, most likely. The fellow who was going to putt stopped a minute, and the big caddie looking back in the direction the cough came from, said, 'Come oot, my mannie, come oot and I'll gie ye a sweetie for your throat.' The crowd was all of a grin in a moment, and you bet the fellow didn't cough on the putt again. But if that had been an English country crowd they would never have seen there was any humour in it, or have understood what the caddie was driving at at all, until they'd gone home and slept over it."

Colonel Burscough was too patriotic to submit to this imputation on his countrymen.

"Well, maybe, they can't see a joke, but at all events they can see a golf ball. What do you say to the champion of Scotland's national game having been an Englishman three years running?"

"Do you call Vardon an Englishman, uncle?"

"A Jerseyman's more English than he is Scotch, anyhow."

"Well, jolly near a Frenchman, I should call him. They speak both languages in the Channel Islands."

"Yes, but chiefly English in Jersey, and chiefly French in Guernsey."

"Which is the better golf links?" the parson asked, with a yawn.

"Depends what you mean. Jersey is the older established, with better greens and more money to spend. Guernsey is the bolder and better off in natural capacities. It is an invidious matter choosing. In Guernsey you have little girl caddies, and your little girl caddies will spit on the ground and make the sign of the cross over the line of your opponent's putt to prevent his ball going into the hole."

"But is not that against the rules?"

"Against the rules of theology, parson, which condemn the black art generally; but there's nothing against it in the rules of golf."

"Well," said the parson, "good-night. I must be going home. I shall begin to see ghosts by the way if I put it off any later."

So the parson took his departure, and shortly we all followed his example and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

ON THE GREEN.

"WEATHER very unfavourable," has been the comment attached to recent golf reports from all parts of the country, and, in the neighbourhood of London, fog has again prevailed to such an extent that at many of the South Western greens, such as Richmond and Mitcham, it has been necessary to play with a fore-caddie. Naturally the low-lying greens have suffered worst, but even Wimbledon has not escaped. White, the professional engaged by the Princes' Club, has lately been on a little tour in the North, where he has been remarkably successful, on the whole. He engaged in an exhibition match at Leven with J. Kinnell, the young local professional who leapt into such sudden fame last summer by winning the tournament at Aberdeen, defeating Andrew Kirkaldy, and other men of note. White did not really give himself any very fair chance in this match, for he started to play without any preliminary practice on the course, which was to all strange to him. Nevertheless the game was not only very evenly contested, but made all the more interesting by the way in which now one player and now another went to the front. First it was



BREAK! BREAK!

Kinnell that had the lead, then White got one up, and held to this hole o. vantage for eight holes in succession, all of which were halved. Then Kinnell won the eighteenth, and so the first round ended all square. The second round was almost a repetition of the first. Kinnell again held the early advantage, and again White pulled him down and took the lead in his turn. But then Kinnell got a hole ahead, and stuck to it through a succession of seven halved holes, almost exactly repeating the incidents of the morning. At the tee to the eighteenth hole Kinnell now stood one up, on the long match, just as White had stood one up, with one to play, in the first round. But history did not repeat itself any further. Kinnell did not let this last hole go to White, as he should have done to make the parallel complete. On the contrary, he played it brilliantly; and though White holed it in a steady five, Kinnell was a stroke better, and so won the match by a couple of holes. The play was first class throughout, the winner scoring 77 in his last round, and 80 in the first. White's rounds were 80 and 81.

In the course of his visit in the North, White also had matches with Willie Park, at Musselburgh, and with Sayers at North Berwick, defeating both these strong players on their respective home greens—a very notable performance.

At Sandwich Mr. W. P. Mathews, with allowance of seven strokes, won the monthly medal, his gross returns being 90, and nett 83. Mr. F. N. Harvey was second, with 93-7=86.

The Royal Liverpool Club's monthly meeting, for the optional subscription prize, produced some good play, and a very close finish, though the weather was very abominable, with frequent snow showers. Mr. Glover, playing from scratch, was round in 86, and two players tied with him at this figure for the best nett score, namely Mr. Lawrence Pilkington, with 9-48=86, and Mr. C. Pilkington, with 96-10=86. The prize in the second division was taken by Mr. W. E. P. Dun, with 121-18=103, his being the only card returned.

The monthly medal of the Littlestone Club was won very easily from scratch, by Mr. A. S. Johnstone, with a score of 82. His nearest rival was Mr. P. B. Tubbs, with 102-12=90, followed by Mr. R. J. Paterson, with 10-48=96.

There is no doubt that the bad weather, by making the golf all round more difficult, gives the better players so much the better chance. Virtually it makes the course longer and thus reduces the proportionate value of the handicap points.

HAMLET IN GAOL.

"BAILIFFS? I believe you," cried cheery Bob Kavanagh, as he sipped his soda-and-brandy beneath the fine old elm on Eel Peel Island; "if there is a man in the world who knows anything about bums, it's myself."

"Seems to me I must have been born up a tree, like that monkey of the landlord's. At all events, I can hardly remember ever paying for anything, or ever having the coin to do so; and such a thing as a clean slate wasn't known in the place I came from."

"Taken?" I've been taken as often as an extra lady's portrait. There's hardly a governor of a gaol in this particularly 'tight' little island—thanks, just one—who hasn't signed a receipt, at one time or other, for this wretched carcass of mine. I've been 'took,' as the man called it, if not red-handed, at all events red-coated. Beggars nabbed me just as I'd come in from hunting with the North Warwickshire—suit of some confounded saddler for seventy odd—and a fine time I had of it that night in quod, in my dirty boots and breeches. I've had two infernal black fellows waiting for my body outside the bedroom door, in Calcutta, and I've slung myself out of a second-floor window at the back with my *kummerbund*. I've been arrested by an infernal fellow with nothing on him but a loin-cloth and a wart on his nose. That was on the frontier of British Burmah nearly thirty years ago. Gad! what a lark that was. The fellow was as artful as the monkey, and just buckled me as I was going on a month's leave, shooting. Ten miles down the Irrawaddy in a rotten old boat—I'd a deuced good mind to add a little murder to my other crimes, and give that wily officer of the law a shove into the river *pro bono alligatorum*—and then a beastly, stuffy cowshed of a place, with nothing but curry and rice and unripe pineapples for three days, and no baccy, except a Burmese cigarette or two—you know, what the natives smoke, a mixture of sawdust and plantain leaves.

"But all that is another story, as Mr. What-you-call-em says. About the best fun of all connected with my long experience of bum-bailiffs was, when I was at a little town in the North of England. As you fellows know, I was in the theatrical profession for five or six years, a while ago. No 'sacred fire of art,' or any of that rot; but stony broke, fairly on my uppers, and obliged to earn a glass and a whiff somehow. 'When in doubt play trumps,' said somebody; 'When in poverty play plays,' was my motto; and a jolly life it was, too—although some of the landladies held different views on the subject. But how the deuce is a fellow to pay in full for his board and lodging, with bad business, and only getting half-a-crown and a pawnticket for an aluminium pencil-case, in a fortnight, out of a nominal salary of two-two a week? Very well, then."

"We were witching the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Massingham-in-the-Mire, at the Town Hall; and very fairly we did, too, the first week. Then a marionette show came and opened in a booth at the other end of the town, and drew all the people away from us. The silly cloggers cared more for a lot of dashed, wooden-headed dolls than all our fine acting; and every bit of good we did came from their overflow. Poor Jack Pony was our manager, and a decent fellow he was as ever wore kettleholders for pads, only more often than not troubled with

the shorts. But we never bothered him during bad business bless ye! It's wonderful the long-suffering habits of actors and actresses, and many of 'em starving, too. But never mind about that."

"We were playing 'Hamlet' in this wretched drum, the Town Hall, at Massingham, one night, when Jack got the tip that there were a couple of sheriff's officers waiting to get in at the stage door. Terrible funk he was in, to be sure. Raved about his wife and family—which wife and family he didn't specify—and about being ruined in the profession he had adopted. He was cast for the melancholy Dane, and wasn't used to being 'took,' like your humble servant. So a bright idea struck me. I was playing a lot of other parts, but what did I do but propose to poor old Jack, to go on for Hamlet instead of him."

"But what about the words?" he asked."

"Blow the words!" said I. "The old woman and the boy in front won't know the difference between Hamlet and Salem Scudder, and I'm well up in Salem."

"I saw he tumbled; called me the saviour of his unborn babies, and I don't know what other rot besides. I got into his togs—he was just about my size, and very nearly as good looking. We started off, Master Jack to the railway station from the front, and then had the bums admitted at the back. The bailiffs didn't know Jack by sight; all they wanted was the fellow who played Hamlet."

"Take Amlick, is our horders,' one of them said, as I came off after pattering to the Queen, 'and now we've got you.' I protested feebly that I wasn't the man they wanted, but they had heard that story before. They insisted on the divine tragedy being cut as short as possible, which was lucky for me in one way. And there stuck the beggars at the O.P. wing, grinning away like a couple of cats; and one of them kept observing audibly, from time to time:—'Look sharp, ma lad, or we'll lose th' train!'"

"I'd never been on for Hamlet before, but after you've been a month or two knocking about the country playing in pretty nearly every piece that ever was written, you'd go on for anything. I got through bravely, and the old woman and the boy applauded vigorously up to the very end."

"The rest is silence."

"And then the brutes wouldn't even wait for the curtain to drop; but came on and dragged me out of the arms of the girl who was playing Horatio, then and there. In my customary suit of solemn black, and my inky cloak, was I borne to my dungeon, and locked up for the night."

"But I turned the laugh on them next morning when they found they'd caged the wrong bird. They gave me fifty to settle it, and as this happened just before See Saw won the Cambridgeshire, and I had a pony of the fifty on Lord Wilton's horse at 66 to 1, I needn't tell you boys that I did not trouble the legitimate drama much afterwards."

"What became of Jack?" He was in Melbourne, last I heard of him, coining money; and as I'm not coining anything, I mean to have a bit out of him, when he comes back, out of that little Hamlet business, boys."

E. S.

THE GOLFER'S FAMILY AT HOME.

"YOUR father will be here in a few minutes, Edith, from those horrible Links, and we shall have no more peace again until he goes to sleep after dinner," remarked Mrs. Bridge plaintively to her daughter, as she sat before the drawing-room fire and grimly contemplated the inevitable,

"I am sure he is driving me mad," replied Edith. "I rang for a dessert-spoon to-day, and when Mary came I asked for a baffy-spoon. It is becoming quite pathetic."

"My brain is simply filled with a confusion of dreadful sounds, and when I wake up in the night and find myself shouting

out *cleek, tee*, or some detestable word of the kind, your father tells me that I am as fond of golf as he is. I wish——"

Edith interrupted her mother by exclaiming, "Here he is and he is talking to someone. He will be a fellow-maniac, of course." It was a fellow-maniac, and one, moreover, who had just won a medal, so that he was delighted to find two unprotected people on whom to vent his joy.

"I have actually won a prize at last," he began, addressing Edith in enthusiastic tones, "and I don't think I have ever played better golf. In fact I played an extraordinary game; for me, I mean. Now, why don't you let me persuade you to play, Miss Bridge?"

"Because I should simply detest it if I did play. The whole thing seems to me to be one vast disease," Edith replied savagely.

The fellow-maniac laughed with boisterous mirth. He looked upon Edith's remark as too silly to need denial.

"You should see some good golfer play and then you would become a disciple," he answered. "Even I, if I could play as I did this afternoon, might show you some of the beauties of the game."

"I may say with truth that I played three or four holes perfectly; at the fifth hole, for instance, I took the mashie, and and lay dead—good drive to reach the green with a mashie; and at the eighth hole, although I topped my drive and got in whins, I was down in five."

"I don't follow you in the least," replied Edith in self-defence, "I don't know what a mashie is, I haven't the remotest idea why you shouldn't top your drive, and I can't conceive why you should want to lie dead."

"Ha-ha!" laughed the fellow-maniac, "a mashie is——"

"Oh please don't let me give you so much trouble, I will get a dictionary and look it up."

"But you won't find golfing terms in a dictionary, and it always seems to me to be so selfish not to circulate one's knowledge, however small it may be. There are several kinds of mashies. There is the driving mashie and the——"

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, you know," Edith cried in despair, "and to tell the truth I hate technicalities."

"Oh, indeed!" the fellow-maniac answered. But he considered Miss Bridge extraordinarily improvident to throw away such a glorious opportunity of becoming wiser.

Meanwhile Mr. Bridge had begun to hold forth enthusiastically to his wife. "I played like a book, my dear. You know the third hole?"

"Intimately, for I have heard you describe it so many times," replied Mrs. Bridge, in a mild tone of protestation.

"Well, I did it in three!" Mr. Bridge leant forward in his chair and looked as proud as only a well-satisfied golfer can look.

"Marvellous achievement," responded Mrs. Bridge who was naturally of a sarcastic disposition and had not yet discovered that sarcasm is utterly lost upon a golf-enthusiast. "Honours always seem to crowd upon you at the third hole."

"This is the only time I have ever done it in three," said Mr. Bridge reproachfully.

"Then it is at some other hole. It really doesn't matter at which, I suppose, as long as it happens at one of them."

"This is the first day on which I have ever used a baffle-putter, although I have often talked of doing so," Mr. Bridge continued as if he had succeeded in creating an historical date.

"To-day is also the anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birthday. I wonder which of the two events will be recorded in the almanacs in years to come," answered Mrs. Bridge in her sweetest manner.

"Liver gone wrong again—terrible thing a disordered liver," thought Mr. Bridge. But he went on benignly—"The seventh hole is rather a brute. One ought to have a good lie if one makes a good drive. It is an essential of golf."

Mrs. Bridge showed no inclination to discuss the essentials of golf and as the fellow-maniac got up to go, she felt that the situation was about to be partially relieved.

"You were heeling and toeing them a bit to-day, Bridge, otherwise I don't think you would make a bad match with me."

Mrs. and Miss Bridge shuddered. Heels and toes were not subjects fit to mention in polite society.

"Thank heaven," exclaimed Edith as she heard the front door shut.

"Heeling and toeing them!" repeated Mr. Bridge scornfully as he came back into the drawing-room after showing the fellow-maniac out. "I could beat him any day of the week. Go and fetch my putter, Edith, and I will do a little putting on the carpet here until dinner time. I have a ball in my pocket. I must ask you to move your chair, my dear."

"Ah, I thought she wouldn't stay in here," he said to himself. It is really wonderful what a liver she has got, and yet she won't play golf and cure it in a fortnight, as she might do if she chose."

C.T.S.

TOWN TOPICS.

The second Carnival Ball, at Niagara, on Friday last (15th), was an even greater success than the first. It was exceedingly well attended, several large parties having been made up expressly for the occasion. It was evident that many of those present had been at great pains to introduce as much novelty as possible into their costumes. The rink was brilliantly illuminated, the electric light being shaded with yellow silk, which gave a very becoming tone to its colour, while the boxes were decorated in yellow and red relieved by white draperies. Prizes had been offered for the best fancy costumes, and some especially charming dresses were worn by the various ladies, and some exceptionally good costumes by the gentlemen who competed. The awards were made from the centre of the rink, whence the judges carefully scrutinized the procession of skaters as they passed round.

The dress which won the first ladies' prize was Spanish, perfectly carried out in every detail. A French lady, wearing a dress of the period of Louis XVI., was second, and La France Rose third. Mr. Edwin Cleary as "John Bull" secured the first of the gentlemen's prizes, while Mr. J. Leslie, as an Italian organ-grinder with his instrument of torture and long-suffering monkey, took the second. There is little doubt his get-up was as popular as any, indeed such universal admiration was showered upon him that many people thought his name should at least have come as high on the list as that of "John Bull." The third prize was awarded to Mr. Claude Hay, who personated a chimney-sweep with great effect. He was the sootiest of the sooty, a sweep of the grimmest description. He occasionally reminded those around him of his calling by giving the characteristic professional cry "Weep!" with orthodox precision. But perhaps the greatest feature of all the procession was a sedan chair, carried by two men on skates, in which a lady was conveyed round and round. Had she alighted, it is highly probable that she might have carried off one of the prizes.

A very large proportion of those present did not skate. They had come solely to see the fun and seemed to derive immense amusement from looking on. Amongst them were several ladies wearing dominoes, and in many cases so well disguised that no one discovered who they were to the end of the evening. Of these the most notable was a lady wearing a domino of black accordion-pleated chiffon over cerise silk, who was constantly being appealed to to reveal her identity. There were two dominoes of mauve satin exactly alike, and these were worn with the most charming white wigs. Flowers were in many cases utilized for trimming, one domino of pink accordion pleating being finished off with pink shaded roses, and another of white accordion silk carrying lovely red poppies. A well-known society lady wore a crimson wig with a white lace veil over her face.

One lady wore a pale green Russian dress, which was very much admired. Flowers were also used as masks, and a certain fair visitor had her dress and domino so arranged that it was at first quite impossible to see which was the back and which was the front of it. She had what was supposed to be her face entirely covered with thick clusters of roses, the back of her head being enveloped in tulle, but as she kept up the deception by occasionally walking backwards, it was for some time very difficult to tell which was which. The wearer of a domino of yellow silk had a mask consisting of two huge chrysanthemums, shaded from yellow to brown, one being fixed over each eye and nearly concealing the whole of her face. All round, the Carnival may be said to have been a great success, and one of the prettiest and most amusing entertainments that have taken place in town for a long time.

The season in the sunny south promises to be exceptionally lively with yachting and other festivities, for which extensive preparations are being made. From all accounts the bicycle will hold a prominent position in the various carnivals, so that many of those now about making their escape from the chilly fogs and damp of Old England are thinking of taking their machines with them. Unless they already belong to the Cyclist's Touring Club they should be advised to join it before leaving England, as membership absolves them from paying duty on their bicycles in France.

More or less probable and improbable rumours of various preparations, and sundry schemes for the Diamond Jubilee, are flying about town, but word comes from a very reliable source that very little is settled as yet. One point has however been decided upon. The Queen has definitely settled that whatever celebrations take place shall be entirely different in character to the festivities held on the occasion of the Jubilee of 1887.

There will probably be a large entry for the yachting match from Dover to Heligoland for which the German Emperor has promised a cup, and the committee have decided there shall be no entrance fees. The race will be sailed on the 23rd of June in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and in many respects the regulations will be the same as those existent for the Queen's Cup in the Cowes Regatta.

A ridiculous rumour was recently circulated that Lord Wolseley intended the Military Tournament to be held this year in some country town, instead of in London. This probably arose from the fact that it had been under consideration to take the show to one or two of the larger provincial towns after it has closed at Islington. But as has now been definitely announced on authority, the Tournament is fixed to take place at The Agricultural Hall from May 27th to June 10th, so that no further attention need be paid to the assertion.

Another wild statement flying about was to the effect the Eton and Harrow match was this year to be played at Eton. This was a departure that was on the face of it most improbable, for it was not likely that those in authority at Harrow would consent to give such a decided advantage to their opponents as playing on their own ground would afford to the Etonians. There was some little hitch about the date, it is true, but it is now booked at Lords for the 9th and 10th of July. This transfer of one of the sights of the season to the watery glade where grateful science still adores her Henry's holy shade," evidently existed only in the imagination of those responsible for the rumour.

There has been a great rage for children's fancy dress dances this winter, and as grown-up visitors have been in most cases also required to come in costume some of the effects have been exceedingly pretty. It is rather annoying after having carefully thought out a striking dress to find on arriving at the dance that the idea has been forestalled. The other day a man who went to a children's fancy ball dressed as a most admirably finished Mephistopheles, arrived rather late, and was received by the hostess with the crushing remark—"Your son has been here some time." He immediately found himself confronted by a small boy dressed in every detail exactly as himself!

A MARKET PLACE MEET.

THERE was quite a twitter of excitement in the quaint little town of Newark when I arrived there on the evening of Thursday the 7th inst., for Lord Harrington's hounds were to meet in the market-place on the following morning, and it is forty years since such an event took place. There was a sound of revelry from many a hospitable house in the town, all the hotels were busy, and there was a ball, as a matter of course. It would almost seem that a ball is a fitting prelude to a town meet. Many old memories were stirred up at the cheery board where I found myself seated, by tales of the victories of Greenland and Primrose II., the narrow escape which the latter had of being enrolled amongst the list of Grand National winners; and of many a gallant run with Lord Zetland's and the Cleveland and the Durham County, when that fine old sportsman Mr. Hervey was master, and Tom Dowdeswell carried the horn.

From an early hour on Friday morning boys began to cluster about the corners of the market-place, and long before the appointed time of meeting the square was thronged by an eager and excited crowd. Entertainment, too, was the order of the day. At the Clinton Arms Hotel, Mr. Jollands, the owner of Clawson, provided a sumptuous collation for his friends, and by half-past ten there was a cheery commingling of lively conversation and the popping of corks. Then in the Corporation Buildings the Mayor entertained Lord Harrington and some of the leading members of the Hunt, and the handsome loving cup, filled with a fragrant and peculiarly comforting mixture, was handed round. And here I would say that gatherings of this kind prove how deep-seated is the love of sport in the English breast. Every average Englishman would be a sportsman had he the chance, and no one could walk through the crowded market square of Newark without feeling proud of the spirit of sport which pervades the English character so thoroughly. Working men cheerily lost half a day, or even the whole day, to see hounds and horses, and there was quite a flutter of excitement amongst the crowd when the first bit of pink appeared at the trysting place. This was worn by a boy of some nine or ten summers, and a thoroughly workmanlike get up his was. There are cheery prospects for the sport of kings when the youngsters take to it so kindly, and I may say *parenthèse*, that I have seen some of the sportsmen of the future in several countries during the Christmas holidays and have been delighted at the resolute manner in which they "tackled the work." "How those lads do jump" said a well-known sporting M.P.—himself a hard rider—to me during one of the fastest things I have seen this season. And they did so, for they were well in front all the way.

A little after eleven o'clock the hounds put in an appearance, and at the same time rain began to fall. But little recked the crowd of the rain, for an English sportsman bent on his favourite sport takes but little notice of the weather. Then the plot began to thicken. Down Hotel yards was heard the constant trampling of horses, and the buckling of girths and adjusting of leathers and the mounting and getting out into the market-place gave the onlookers a few minutes of pleasurable excitement.

I had not time to examine the hounds carefully, but I may say that the dog pack which Lord Harrington had out seemed to me, from the casual glance I was able to get of them, all that a dog pack should be. Lengthy and cleanly in their necks, with plenty of power, good shoulders and loins, they looked full of foxhound character, and I was glad to see that the old-fashioned lemon pie was to be found in the pack, for not only does an odd one of this colour, or badger pie, look well in himself, if not too light in colour, but he serves as a foil for the black and tan and white, which, according to some critics, is the only proper colour for a foxhound. Then again, I never knew a lemon pied or badger pied hound that was a bad one. As for the field they came from north, east, south, and west, the Rufford, the Belvoir, and many other well-known hunts being represented by well-known sportsmen.

Once clear of the streets, Lord Harrington went on at a sharp trot for about a couple of miles to get rid of the crowd, and a well-known drain which is midway between Stoke Osiers and Farndon was first tried. It held a good stout fox, who required little persuasion at the instance of the terrier to show his hereditary foes his heels. So we had an early start, a thing to be wished for at all times, and more than ever when the wind is in a cold quarter and the rain is rapidly reducing leathers to a state of spongelike pulp. Lord Harrington quietly took his hounds over the line, there was, I am glad to say, no superfluous holloaing and noise, and immediately they took it up, and, with a cheery cry which betokened that a run was imminent, they settled to their work. Even on the plough, which was holding, and in places covered with water—reminding one in some respects of Holder-ness, save that there were no drains of importance—hounds carried a rare head as they ran over Mr. Dunn's farm to the river Deven, which they crossed close to a bridge. And lucky it was that this was the case, as they were running far too fast for any leeway to be made up. For about a quarter of an hour they ran up wind, and then came a short turn to the left down a hedge side, and had it not been for that turn the end could not have been long in coming. Hounds swang round beautifully to the fox, and ran on at a somewhat slower pace over the Newark and Bottesford Railway, and then ran right-handed by Balderton Grange, parallel to the railway, where they recrossed a field or two before reaching the Cotham and Stoke road. A holloa at the railway bridge told that our fox was only just in front of us, and the pace improved as we left the heavy ploughed lands behind us, and rattled along merrily over the grass of the Belvoir country. For we were in the Belvoir country now, hounds racing along a field in front of us, as leaving Cotham Thorns a field to the left, they ran by Staunton Grange, pointing for Staunton Spinney. Such a head did hounds carry that it seemed as if they must be rewarded by blood, and with a left hand turn they ran hard over the grass to Staunton. Here a flock of sheep bothered them a little, but they worked through them beautifully. Then some cattle had foiled the line, and as is the manner of cattle, galloped on amongst hounds. The ground was also unfavourable, the railway and the river making it awkward for a huntsman. Then, gentlemen, we were just a trifle too far forward on that road—and that road was handy, was it not, those last ten minutes when hounds were racing and horses were sobbing. But worse than all came that sudden accession of storm, "the sudden cloud o'ercharged with rain." For though rain up to now had fallen, at times, there was nothing of that peculiar "stormy" character about it which generally brings a change of scent for the worse. So all Lord Harrington's efforts to hit off the line again were in vain, and this good fox saved his brush, and it is to be hoped that he will give them more than one run as good before he dies in a legitimate manner, "as good 'uns should do," in the open at the end of a fast forty minutes. For he was a good fox to stand before hounds as he did for forty-eight minutes and then beat them. The point, as far as I can make out from the map at my disposal, would be six miles, and there were a couple of big bends in the run.

We then went to Devon Gorse, whence a fox stole away, and so got, I should think at least, ten minutes start. So I was able to see this fine pack hunt as well as race. And very prettily they did hunt as they ran by the banks of the river, which they crossed in full cry, running over part of the country we crossed earlier in the day to the Stoke Road, where they were run out of scent. They then went to try Libthorpe Gorse, but as it was getting late, and trains do not wait, I left them. What they did afterwards, I have not heard, but there was scarcely daylight enough left to have a run and kill a fox, and in common with most of those that went through the run, I was perfectly satisfied with the good day's sport that we had had.

RED ROVER.

BLACK FACED SHEEP.

AMIDST the varied and romantic scenery of the Scottish Highlands, black-faced sheep are almost everywhere to be found at once enhancing the beauty and the interest of the landscape.

The breed is exceedingly hardy and active, and unless on very wet land, live and thrive where no other kind of sheep could exist. They are most methodical in their general habits. At certain times of the day they may be found resting or feeding in the winding fertile valleys, and at other times spread over the sides of the mountains.

It is next to impossible to obstruct or turn them aside from their course. When such a proceeding becomes necessary, the

services of the fleet and intelligent collie are indispensable. On large farms where several distinct flocks are kept each in charge of its own shepherd, every flock has the run of an allotted district and knows its own division of the farm where their respective territories meet. Although there may be no fences they rarely overpass the boundry which might not inaptly be termed the debateable borderland.

The rams, "MACGREGOR" and "MACGREGOR II."—sire and son—and the group of ewes and lambs are the property of Captain Dempster, Brownhill, Strathavon. The rams are excellent specimens of the breed, and have had a brilliant show-yard career, carrying off several champion awards. B.B.H



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EWES AND LAMBS.

Photo. by Charles Reid, Wiscasset, N.B.

of them have splendid horns and their fleeces reach to the ground. Before last shearing time the wool on Macgregor's sides was 25 inches long.

The quiet of the sheep's life is periodically broken in upon in a manner that must be somewhat distressing. Apart from the process of dipping which has occasionally to be submitted to and which causes loud and repeated protests on their part, there is the yearly shearing, which must prove embarrassing to all the adults, but especially to the ewes, who, on account of the transformation which they undergo in the clipping process are subsequently unknown to their lambs. It would be impossible to describe the uproar which prevails in the otherwise quiet glens when shearing is over. The lambs are frightened almost out of their wits because they cannot find their dams, while the ewes are in



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MACGREGOR.

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MACGREGOR II.

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FATHER AND SON.

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great distress at the difficulty in reconciling their offspring to the change in their appearance. Denuded of their garments, disowned by their family, in their plight they may be seen running after their lambs, endeavouring by their voice to establish their identity, to reassure them in spite of their poverty-stricken appearance, and to induce them to return. No wonder that some lambs who rely more on their eyes than on their ears occasionally, altogether decline to acknowledge the relationship, and remain orphans everafter.

The sheep is reckoned one of the most defenceless of animals, and usually allows itself to be driven about at will either by men or dogs. It may be owing to the fact that dogs are not allowed to catch hold of the sheep, that ewes having lambs at foot, and also rams, sometimes get quite indifferent to, and even defiant, to the dogs. While a number of sheep — including the two rams in the illustration — were being driven from a field into the wood where they were taken, there occurred a lively illustration of the courage of a ram, and also of that oft remarked-on tendency of sheep to blindly follow a leader wherever he goes. When inside the wood, where the level of the ground is five or six feet higher than the road, one of the rams, who moved about with an air of importance, made a dash at the dog with such indiscreet force, that both of them went over the bank and landed in the road beneath. The rest of the flock promptly followed their leader one after another, as if to do so were a matter of course.

They must have got a severe shaking as the result of the leap, but when again brought into the wood, they looked as lively as ever.

CHARLES REID.